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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME VIII — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1931 — NUMBER 14

ILLUSTRATION FROM DOROTHY CANFIELD'S "BASQUE PEOPLE" WHICH IS REVIEWED ON PAGE 228.

The Uses of Adversity

SOMETHING grim, terrible, and helpless looks out from the bookshelves in this editorial office. There is enough dynamite in those rows of new books to blow conventional opinion into little pieces and upset the social customs of a complacent world.

It doesn't go off, or at least never where the crowds hear it. Those experts who write upon international affairs and prove the doom of nationalism as we have known nationalism, write for each other, and the masses are as little affected by their prophecies as by the sweeping statements of the Bagvahd-Ghita. If their high explosive dusts into the editorial pages, it is read as the tabloids are read, read and forgotten, and the bitter fact that the power to destroy has outrun the power to create is as safe in those volumes as if it were written in Sanskrit. Cassandra was lucky by comparison with the writers of fundamental books on foreign policy, for at least the Trojans heard her prophecies, and, indeed, the excited journalists and learned scholars who are writing now upon the dangers of old-fashioned nationalism in an international world might be in a glass case on Mars with the American Legion and a considerable section of Congress populating the earth. Business is aware of Russia and Italy because they fear the trade rivalry of the one, and admire the direct methods and no-nonsense of the other, yet the ideas that lie behind these political experiments, and have long been accessible in books, are Greek to them still. Marx would have been locked in a book still (and perhaps happier there) if a handful of practical enthusiasts had not exploded that bomb at incalculable risks to themselves, and with the destruction of a whole society. Peaceable souls may well be thankful that the American Legion and the American proletariat do not read history!

And what stink bombs the night-life and hard-boiled novels of the current season might prove if their fumes ever penetrated beyond the nose to the area of judgment and prejudice where ideas and ideals are formed! Whitman complained that his country's literature provided no heroic models for the common people, and that, as a result, their lives drifted for want of pilots and of maps. But let the flipperish (an adjective made from flapper and flippant) and sinical (a word that needs no explanation) stories just now applauded, or the hard, drab novel of youth that sees no meaning in

(*Continued on page 228*)

Wicked Song

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

TELL the heart it is late; but the heart will not care.
It is fitting moony beams for a palace of air,
Unlocking midnight doors to a light soft knock.
When was the heart content looking at the clock?

Tell the heart it is late; but the heart will not heed.
Beauty smiles as it goes, and a quick-whittled reed
Makes a clear silver call to a pair of dark eyes.
When did the fond heart pretend to be wise?

Tell the heart it is late! It will simply put on airs,
Swim torrents in spate, climb eleven flights of stairs,
Step across to the stars and slither down the rain
To tap and tap again at a bright window-pane.

Tell the heart it is late, as time at last will tell
By the ash in the grate, by the slow passing bell;
But the years will flow back through a long million miles,
And the mourners will wonder why the old face smiles.

Tell the heart it is late; send a crier through the town;
But a lovely throat lifts from a peach-colored gown. . . .
Here's a rosebush in flower can furnish a token. . . .
When was the heart happy biding unbroken?

Tell the heart it is late—it will jingle its keys,
Whistling quite silly for its mixed memories,
Fix its scarf at the mirror, scan the viands that wait,
And fidget by the window. . . . It knows it is late!

*Crisis and Prophecy**

By FABIAN FRANKLIN

ALTHOUGH Mr. Chase, on the cover-page of his pamphlet, expressly entitles it "A Prophecy," there is not much in it that deserves either the commendation or the reprobation that attaches to the role of the prophet. Strong as are his convictions on the present state of the modern industrial world, and on its prospects and possibilities, the judgments he pronounces, though emphatic as regards what is to be wished, are in the main cautious as regards what is to be expected. There is, however, at least one passage in which he casts aside his caution. At the beginning of the second half of his pamphlet, "Master Planning," he says:

> A handicraft culture needs no systematic planning of its economic life. Each local area is self-sufficient. A mechanical culture, such as ours, has no corresponding economic stability if allowed to drift with the winds of free competition and the unlimited pursuit of private profit. A million cogwheels must mesh if food, shelter, and clothing are to be obtained. Today a great fraction of the gears are out of order. . . . In these circumstances it is the contention of reasonable men that if we are to elect a mechanical civilization, we have got to control it. This means centralized planning; the same procedure for the economic region, the nation, perhaps the whole continent, which an efficient manufacturer employs in his own office, whereby he organizes his shop and correlates production schedules to probable demand. We must make the cogwheels mesh—or else retreat, after a frightful cataclysm, to the stability of the handicraft age.

It is true that, even here, Mr. Chase's prophecy takes the form not of an inevitable doom, but of an alternative—we must choose between "master planning" and "a frightful cataclysm"; but this does not make it any the less a prophecy. Indeed, it is in the presentation of just such alternatives that the rôle of the prophet consists, as distinguished from that of the astrologizing or fortune-telling quack. Do thus and not otherwise, says the prophet: for only so shall you escape the doom I foretell.

Now the present writer is so little of a prophet that he does not even venture positively to deny the truth of this prophecy of Mr. Chase's. It is possible that we shall be overwhelmed by that "frightful cataclysm"; it is possible that we shall avoid it by the adoption of that "master planning" which he is convinced is our only means of escape. But the obstacles to the adoption of so radical a change in our economic life are stupendous; and accordingly if this is the only alternative to "a frightful cataclysm," our avoidance of the cataclysm is in the highest degree doubtful. Mr. Chase, indeed, while fully recognizing the formidable nature of the difficulties, expresses confidence that they will be overcome; but he does not attempt to give any very substantial reasons for his confidence. To most of his countrymen, to say that we must choose between "master planning" and "a frightful cataclysm" must seem pretty nearly equivalent to saying that we are headed for the cataclysm, with just a bare fighting chance of pulling through without it.

From this standpoint, therefore, the matter of primary interest is not as to the intrinsic merits of a proposal of "master planning"—either Mr. Chase's or any of the numerous others that have been engendered in the present crisis—but as to the grounds for believing that without "master planning" we are lost. A scheme may have great merit in itself, and yet have small claim to practical interest as a means of salvation, if there is little or no chance of its being adopted. The question, therefore, that stares us in the face first of all is this: Is it clear that we are headed for destruction if we attempt to muddle through without making any radical change in the existing economic order?

Mr. Chase feels quite certain that we are; and so do a considerable number of other writers of distinction. Nor is there lacking a certain amount of sound reason for this belief; the basis on which it chiefly rests is, however, anything but sound. The conviction that continuance of the present economic order, without vital and radical change, is impossible, owes its sudden currency chiefly to two things: the belief that the development of machinery has reached a point where the potentialities of supply have outstripped the capacity of demand, so that we are confronted by the prospect of constantly cumulative overproduction; and the belief that the present depression is of a sweep and intensity quite without parallel in past experience.

In an article in this *Review* last February, I discussed the overproduction terror, and tried to show how slender was the logical and the factual basis on which it rested. The other belief—that the present depression is vastly worse than any of its predecessors—cannot be effectively disputed in any such brief fashion. There is no way of measuring the degree of seri-

* OUT OF THE DEPRESSION—AND AFTER. A PROPHECY. By STUART CHASE. The John Day Pamphlets, No. 2. 1931.

* ECONOMIC BEHAVIOR. An Institutional Approach. By MEMBERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF ECONOMICS, Washington Square College, New York University. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1931. 2 vols.

This Week

"BROOME STAGES."
Reviewed by J. RANKEN TOWSE.

"RED-HEADED WOMAN."
Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS.

"BASQUE PEOPLE."
Reviewed by ELEANOR MERCEIN KELLY.

"RED LIKE CRIMSON."
Reviewed by HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CHINESE.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"GARNERED SHEAVES."
Reviewed by HARTLEY ALEXANDER.

"CONCENTRATION IN AMERICAN INDUSTRY."
Reviewed by WILLIAM O. SCROGGS.

Next Week, or Later

THE BOSWELL LETTERS.
Reviewed by ARNOLD WHITRIDGE.

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ousness of a depression. Those who think this is by far the worst we have undergone do not profess to prove the statement, but rely on general impressions; those who think it is not do likewise. In the matter of overproduction, and of cumulative "technological unemployment," statistics have been confidently cited as proving the thesis of the pessimists, and it is easy to show that the statistics do nothing of the kind. But the question of the degree of severity of a depression is far more vague; circumstances are different in so many ways from what they were in 1893, or 1873, or 1857, that there is no common measure that is obviously fitted to serve the purpose of comparison. Nevertheless, it is quite worth while to recall the fact that those depressions of forty, and sixty, and seventy-five years ago were mighty serious matters, and that they occurred before the days of "mass production" and "high-pressure salesmanship." To those who imagine that what we are now going through is something new under the sun, I would recommend a reading of Mr. James Truslow Adams's article, "Wanted: Perspective," in the August issue of *Harper's Magazine*.

But there is another writer to whom a reference can be made which is of far greater significance. The need for master planning, says Mr. Chase, was not "really acute until the second industrial revolution inaugurated mass production on a grand scale some two decades ago"—that is, about 1910. Yet it was not in the twentieth century, nor in the last decades of the nineteenth century, that Carlyle's "Past and Present" was written; it was written in the year 1843. Let me quote just a few of the things Carlyle said about the condition and the prospects of the English people ninety years ago:

> England is full of wealth, of multifarious produce, supply for human want in every kind; yet England is dying of inanition. With unabated bounty the land of England blooms and grows; waving with yellow harvests; thick-studded with workshops, industrial implements, with fifteen millions of workers, understood to be the strongest, the cunningest, and the willingest our Earth ever had; these men are here; the work they have done, the fruit they have realized is here, abundant, exuberant on every hand of us: and behold, some baleful fiat as of Enchantment has gone forth, saying, "Touch it not, ye workers, ye master-workers, ye master-idlers; none of you can touch it, no man of you shall be the better for it; this is enchanted fruit!"
>
> What is the use of your spun shirts? They hang there by the million unsalable; and here, by the million, are diligent bare backs that can get no hold of them. . . . Never till now, in the history of an Earth which to this hour nowhere refuses to grow corn if you will plough it, to yield shirts if you will spin and weave in it, did the mere manual two-handed worker (however it might fare with other workers) cry in vain for such "wages" as *he* means by "fair wages," namely food and warmth!
>
> Behold us here, so many thousands, millions. . . right willing and able to work. . . . We ask, if you mean to lead us towards work; to try to lead us—by ways new, never yet heard of till this new unheard-of Time? Or if you declare that you cannot lead us? And expect that we are to remain quietly unled, and in a composed manner perish of starvation?
>
> With the millions no longer able to live, how can the units keep on living? It is too clear the Nation itself is on the way to suicidal death.
>
> Done nevertheless, sure enough, it must be; it shall and will be. We are rushing swiftly on the road to destruction; every hour bringing us nearer, until it be, in some measure, done.

What is this thing that "shall and will be done"; that *must* be done if England is to be saved from that destruction to which she is "rushing swiftly," to which "every hour is bringing her nearer"? Carlyle does not presume to say precisely what it is that is to save the people of England from the abyss; indeed he explicitly denies his own ability, or any one else's, to express it in any formula. But he indicates in a hundred ways the *direction* in which, and in which alone, salvation is to be looked for: somehow or other *wisdom* is to be found, wisdom adequate to leading the nation out of industrial chaos. And this wisdom must be supplied by those who hold the reins of power; it is they who must "try to lead us—by ways new, never yet heard of till this new unheard-of Time." In other words, Carlyle, in the England of 1843, felt precisely as Stuart Chase feels in the United States of 1931, and for almost precisely the same reasons. The wealth of England, the productive power of England, had grown beyond all precedent; but there was this ghastly failure of consumption to correspond with production, this fearful scourge of unemployment, this blight that had fallen upon industry and trade for want of intelligent control and coördination. And it was clear that unless such control and coördination were forthcoming, "the Nation itself was on the way to suicidal death." In a word, Carlyle saw England confronted, ninety years ago, with precisely that alternative with which Stuart Chase sees the United States confronted to-day—the choice between "master planning" and "a frightful cataclysm."

Now I would be the last to pretend that because Carlyle was wrong it follows that Stuart Chase is wrong. Of all forms of bad reasoning there is none more childish—though perhaps few are more common—than that which undertakes to refute a charge against A by pointing out that the same charge had been made against B and is now seen to have been without foundation. In many quarters, Washington in his lifetime was beset with calumny, Lincoln regarded with contempt or condescension; some people seem to think that it follows that every conspicuous public man who is widely attacked or ridiculed must be a Washington or a Lincoln. And it would be no less silly to assert that, because Carlyle's prophecy was wrong, Stuart Chase's very similar prophecy must be wrong too.

Why, then, the reader may ask, do I bring Carlyle's prophecy into the case at all? For two reasons, which may be stated very simply and very briefly.

First, because Carlyle depicts, without exaggeration, a situation of essentially the same character as the situation of to-day, upon which Mr. Chase's prophecy is based; and yet the very crux of Mr. Chase's prophecy is the alleged novelty of the essential elements of the situation of to-day. And secondly because, great as are Mr. Chase's qualifications as an observer and commentator, his equipment for the rôle of prophet does not, so far as I am able to judge, in any way surpass that of Carlyle.

Mr. Chase begins his pamphlet with a most enthusiastic reference to the "two plump volumes entitled 'Economic Behavior,' prepared by members of the department of economics of New York University," and designed for classes of students who do not intend to major in economics. "If I had my way," says Mr. Chase, "I should make these volumes compulsory for the literate population of America. Never have the broad outlines of the economic scene been more adequately and humanly described." This is exceedingly high praise; and the book, though perhaps not justifying such extreme laudation, is an excellent piece of work. But it happens that the only passage which Mr. Chase quotes—a passage, by the way, not by any means representative of the general character of the book—is vitiated by a palpable fallacy. In this passage, the authors of "Economic Behavior" say:

> Presumably we build up capital, equipment, the means of more extensive life, by foregoing the full expenditure of our present resources at any given moment. But since we also propose to continue indefinitely to accumulate, the question ultimately rises, For what are we accumulating? At what moment in our economic history do we propose to cash in and enjoy the triumph of our thrift? But the answer is, never. There is no such moment. The motive of accumulation is not society's enjoyment. It is just perpetual accumulation.

The error in this is so elementary that one hesitates to point out its grossness; it seems impossible that competent writers, such as the authors of "Economic Behavior," could have committed such a blunder. Yet there is no escape from the conclusion that they did so. "At what moment in our economic history do we propose to cash in and enjoy the triumph of our thrift?" The answer is not "never," but all the time. There are a thousand charges that may justly be made against the modern world's devotion to machinery, and to the accumulation of capital; but the charge that it is yielding no fruit is not one of them. The capital that the world is accumulating—and has been accumulating for centuries—is a mighty instrument of current production. It has furnished generation after generation with comforts, luxuries, enjoyments, surpassing the dreams of the most hopeful enthusiasts of former times. It has made accessible to countless millions pleasures and benefits which, only a few generations ago, were the envy of all except the favored few who enjoyed something comparable to these pleasures and benefits. It has reduced the hours of labor to such an extent that the problem of how to make use of leisure has almost replaced the old, old problem of how to obtain leisure. It has borne a preponderating share in reducing the ravages of disease, and lessening the toll of death. It has not abolished poverty; but it has, in the foremost countries of the world, extinguished starvation, and so raised the standard of living of the masses that what a hundred years ago would have been accounted a quite tolerable degree of physical comfort would now be looked upon as almost unbearable distress.

Perhaps this process, benignant as it is in so many ways, has been carried too far; certainly it has been pursued with a zeal and concentration too absorbing. I have little sympathy with any one who is not thrilled by Wordsworth's great sonnet.,

> The world is too much with us; late and soon,
> Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers,

or who does not respond to what our own Emerson said on the same theme:

> 'Tis the day of the chattel,
> Web to weave and corn to grind;
> Things are in the saddle,
> And ride mankind.

Wordsworth and Emerson gave utterance to a profound feeling which derives added intensity, perhaps, but certainly no change of essential character, from the industrial developments of the last hundred years. And the sentiments that these poets expressed were not bound up with any misunderstanding of the nature of our economic activities and interests; they deplored our commercial industrialism not because of any notion that it failed to achieve its aim, but solely because its aim is unworthy of what is highest in human nature.

That the authors of "Economic Behavior" were misled into the strange error that I have pointed out by their feelings—feelings akin to those expressed by Wordsworth and Emerson—there can be no doubt; yet this cannot excuse, though it may in a measure explain, such an error. The process of accumulation of capital is constantly attended by results of prodigious efficacy in supplying the immediate needs and desires of men: to speak of it as though it were a process of which the fruits could be gathered only when the process itself came to an end is an amazing aberration; nor is it a harmless one. It may be extremely old-fashioned to hark back to Nassau W. Senior's characterization of interest as the reward of abstinence; yet no statement could better convey the essence of the matter. Just what the authors of "Economic Behavior" mean by the "we" who are never to "cash in and enjoy the triumph of our thrift," I cannot undertake to say; but certain it is that millions of individual human beings have every year and every day, for many generations, been cashing in and enjoying the triumph of their thrift. Of those enjoyments and those triumphs some have been beneficent and admirable, others have been injurious or vulgarizing; but it is nonsense to talk as if they had been simply non-existent.

Let us by all means uphold ideals that are higher than those of the market-place; but let us not seek to discredit the ideals of the market-place upon grounds that are belied by the obvious and outstanding facts of our economic order. That these authors have done this in a single unfortunate passage—especially unfortunate in being in the very last paragraphs of the whole work—is greatly to be regretted. And it is peculiarly to be regretted at a time when, suddenly reversing our attitude of a few years ago, we are so prone to believe all manner of evil of the system of society under which we live, and which, whatever its faults, has wrought marvellous things for the welfare of the world, and especially for the improvement of the condition of the toiling masses of mankind.

Fabian Franklin was for many years professor of mathematics at Johns Hopkins University, and afterwards editor of the Baltimore News, *Associate Editor of the New York* Evening Post, *and an editor of the* Weekly Review. *Among his books are "Cost of Living" and "Plain Talks on Economics."*

Linguistic Science

LINGUISTIC SCIENCE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By HOLGER PEDERSEN. Authorized translation from the Danish by JOHN WEBSTER SPARGO. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by KEMP MALONE

THE title of Professor Pedersen's invaluable book is a bit misleading, for though it deals primarily with linguistics in the nineteenth century it is in reality a history (in 360 pages) of linguistic science from the earliest times to the present day. The emphasis on the nineteenth century has its grounds, of course; for linguistics, more fully perhaps than any other branch of learning, was the creation of that century. The Greeks, it is true, had done valuable spade work in syntax, but in the other main branches of linguistics, viz., phonology and morphology, and in the practical application of these to etymologies and to the comparative and historical study of specific languages, they had achieved less than nothing. I say less than nothing, because their achievement was really negative, in the shape of a formidable body of false doctrine which was handed down from century to century and long served to hinder the advance of science. In India, linguistics had been far better served, and as early as 300 B.C. one of the great grammarians of all time had flourished. But the Sanskrit Grammar of Panini was neither historical nor comparative, and it was not until the nineteenth century that the wisdom of the Hindus, as Schlegel puts it, was brought to bear in earnest upon the languages of the west. The times were ripe. As early as 1814, Rask, who then knew no Sanskrit, in his famous "Investigation" had shown the way. But it was reserved for Bopp to open the new era in 1816 with his "Conjugations system," a comparison of the verbal inflections of Sanskrit with those of Greek, Latin, Persian, and Germanic. The comparative historical study of languages was thus duly launched, and has since proceeded with ever increasing vigor, and with fruits of a sort to stagger the imagination.

The linguists have indeed pushed back the boundaries of history thousands of years into the past, and have made the world over for us, and the new world which they have given us, one must admit, is not altogether to our liking. The plague of nationalism from which we are now suffering has its roots in the dispassionate linguistic researches of scholars like Dobrovsky, and the grammar of rigidity which all right-thinking men used to follow (or failed to follow at their peril) has been replaced, in learned circles at least, with a grammar of relativity (to borrow a phrase of Jespersen's) which gives to the writer and to the speaker a greater freedom of expression, indeed, but is sadly upsetting to the old standards that most of us were brought up by. But linguistics, like its sister sciences, is ruthless in its pursuit of the truth, and its devotees do not falter, even though they lay themselves open to the charge of being linguistic bolshevists, corrupters of youth and defilers of the purity of their native tongue! The present reviewer has more than once been attacked in the public press because of his linguistic theories, and has even been the recipient of threatening letters, one of the mildest of which suggested that he resign his academic post. Only the political economist, one may well believe, holds a more exposed sector on the academic front than the grammarian. But an ivory tower is not easily stormed, and though it may seem isolated enough, the work that goes on inside it has a way of becoming common goods as the years roll on. The fruits of linguistic research have been notably slow in affecting the point of view of the layman, but the linguist remains invincible in his faith that the truth will prevail.

It would be hard to praise too highly Professor Pedersen's survey of the field to which he has devoted his life. His book has grown out of an enormous and magnificently organized body of knowledge, and it is written with notable clarity and with a minimum of technical exposition. The work makes fascinating reading for learned and lay alike, and the Anglo-Saxon public is fortunate in having so valuable a volume available in English. Professor Spargo has given us an admirable translation, and the Harvard Press has outdone itself in the format and the many illustrations which it has provided.

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The Theatre in Epitome

BROOME STAGES. By Clemence Dane. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by J. RANKEN TOWSE

IN "Broome Stages" Clemence Dane, long known as a writer endowed with ability of a rare order, has produced a book, which is, in many respects, extraordinary; something, that is to say, vastly different from, and superior to, the everyday commercial novel of the twentieth century. It has a distinction of its own in its conception, scope, power, variety and brilliancy of literary execution. A terse and adequate definition of its character and quality is not easy, although it comes under the general head of "fiction." But it is something more arresting and significant than that, and it might have been still more significant and instructive if to the incidental phenomena, interesting as they are, fuller consideration of their causes had been added. For that, perhaps, there was no room in a work about as long as "Monte Cristo" or "Les Misérables" and stuffed with minor but pertinent detail. Pure fiction, of course, the book largely is, in its comic, tragic, and pathetic episodes, but the whole structure rests upon a more or less shadowy foundation of historical fact, while the fascinating imaginary chronicle connected with it—actually a keen study of the effects of heredity and environment—gives it great additional stability and credibility. It must not be supposed, however, that the story is, for a moment, clogged by scientific dulness. It moves along smoothly and rapidly through scenes of pleasant romance, stark tragedy, bitter pathos, conflicting humors, and social comedy, all, in their essence, dramatic. Clemence Dane has not studied her theatre for nothing. And all her scenes, descriptive or vocal, are fitted with richly appropriate speech, strong, compact, elegant, flashing, expressive. Dealing with delicate and dangerous but vital topics, where clumsiness or coarseness would be offensive and mischievous, she can be very bold, adroit, and clear, with a fine and wholesome sincerity and purpose. In an encounter of wits she can be as swift, subtle, sparkling, and keen as Sheridan, Wilde, or Shaw. Many of her pages make most delightful reading.

But her story? That, alas!, is far too long and intricate—though never confused or wearisome—to permit brief and intelligible analysis. Not much more than the form and nature of it can, or need, be indicated. It deals with the origins, the developments, triumphs, decay, and final collapse of a famous theatrical family, in the course of three or four generations, from about the middle of the eighteenth to the opening of the twentieth century. As the successive directors of the constantly increasing family groups were devotees of the Shakespearean and Elizabethan stages the period of the action practically coincides with that of the so-called legitimate drama, now, unhappily, almost at the point of extinction. And the reflection of the theatre itself—its atmosphere and its audiences—and the characters of the protagonists among its puppets, with all their achievements, ambitions, passions, generosities, amorality, and bitter jealousies, are remarkably vivid and, in most instances, demonstrably veracious. Here we have the old theatre in epitome, and, in a modified degree, the modern theatre also. The life of the successful player, on and off the boards, is depicted with uncanny, if, here and there, somewhat cruel, realism, and the progressive degeneration of the stage, and of the art of acting, is faithfully illustrated. The theatrical panorama presented is vigorous and fascinating, but, as has been hinted already, it is regrettable, that Clemence Dane, such a mistress of her subject, should have missed the opportunity of emphasizing the main if not the only cause that threatens to sink the romantic and literary drama in oblivion. The great plays, the acknowledged masterpieces in tragedy and comedy, have been abandoned, not because there is no public to support them, but because there are no players who can read or act them. With the abolition of the old stock companies, the only practical schools of acting, the production of great actors ceased.

"Broome Stages," of course, realistic and fundamentally truthful as it is, is wholly fiction. Actually there never was such a family, or, in those days, a corresponding organization. There were no Charley Frohmans then. Doubtless many old theatre lovers—thinking of the Kembles, the Booths, or the Drews—will try to identify the photo-types of the Broomes, but these, to their author's credit, are pure creations, if a synthesis designed from manifold original standards. One recognizes traits of all the Kembles, of Macready, Siddons, the elder Booth, G. F. Cooke, and various queens of comedy, from Kitty Clive to Ellen Terry, but in their social life all the descendants of the young rural adventurer, Richard Broome—who tumbled headlong through the roof into the middle of a band of barnstormers, started the family, and established precedents—bear the stigmata of their ancestor. All are indisputably offshoots from the parent stem. They are a special brood, with similar markings and instincts, all bound by inherited traditions, moods, and tempers, but severally strongly individual. On the stage they are obedient and capable puppets, away from it they are independent, wayward, reckless, improvident, and incalculable, subject to all the vagaries of what is politely called the "artistic" temperament. Inherently rebellious, self-centered, impetuous, and reckless, their jealousies, rivalries, and uncontrolled passions lead inevitably to clashes with consequences comic, pathetic, or direly tragic. Out of these family complications, arising solely from the circumstances of the moment, connected only by the blood tie, Miss Dane, with admirable skill, has fashioned what in effect is a plotless novel, brimful of variegated drama.

Neither time, nor space—or perhaps intrinsic values—will allow prolonged and particular consideration of personages or incidents in this opulent and engrossing bit of fiction. But there are high lights which cannot be altogether ignored. Prominent and vital figures abound. But among them all the Lady Lettice—daughter of the Hilaret who captured a duke—stands preëminent. Here is a study of dazzling, though by no means flawless, womanhood of which any author might be proud. With certain obvious reservations she might be compared to the Beatrice of Shakespeare or the Beatrix Esmond of Thackeray. Needless to say she was a peerless beauty, but it is in her indomitable spirit, caustic wit, ready humor, shrewd insight, managerial capacity, and genuine, if somewhat tempestuous, femininity, that is found her greatest charm. If she is a trifle extravagant in her cleverness she is nevertheless convincingly real, as was the monstrous Becky Sharp. Amid the family scenes of storm and stress she wields the lash with calming effect and unchallenged authority. In what is, perhaps, the most powerful and brilliant chapter of the book—in that ominous wedding feast upon the stage (did they do such things in the pre-Irving days?) a blend of forced and over-shadowed merriment, outraged love and mental wreck, culminating in tragic horror—when Lettice, the distracted mother, is burned to death in the attempt to rally her broken son—she, for the last time, is the eclipsing feature of the scene. It is a spectacular ending, a startling and well imagined climax to one of the most emotionally stirring scenes ever witnessed in the theatre. Where are the actors who could interpret it today?

A striking foil to Lettice, and another notable creation—though of a more conventional type—is the sullen, uncomprehended, balked, and resentful Domina Broome, the heroine of a somewhat repellent, but not uncommon, utterly human story. She is drawn with a fine feminine intelligence. Like Magdalen, she suffers much and it is not hard to find extenuation for her sins. She is no mere drab of modern melodrama, but a woman of character and talent, longing for a liberty denied, frustrated, and warped by circumstance and tradition, betrayed by passion, unscrupulous in desperation, and in a final crisis (deftly imagined) shorn of the reputation she had prostituted herself to preserve. Good women there are in the various groups—such, for instance, as the harassed Maud—and others of less importance, all dexterously sketched and all alive, but for these this passing, if insufficient, allusion must suffice.

Among the male Broomes—Robert, Richard, Stephen, William, Harry, and the rest—there is no such entrancing and engrossing figure as Lettice, though collectively they are the motive force behind all the machinery. In them there is less originality. To speak generally, they all bear the somewhat familiar earmarks of the actor manager of their periods. The Broome stamp is, consistently, upon each of them, cleverly and clearly differentiated if they be. They are a vigorous, dominating, passionate, and determined crew, often kindly, generous, and profligate, demonstrative in their domestic affections, but tyrannous and callous in their consuming devotion to the aggrandizement of their house and the perpetuation of its ideal, the classic and romantic theatre. With them, sentiment and nature count as naught in comparison with the interests of the family profession and the family. They are, in short, drenched in the anomalous spirit of the theatre. Nevertheless, in spite of their faults, they are an attractive lot, perhaps because of their spirit and buoyancy in the sufferings and misfortunes brought about by their own shortsightedness, recklessness, and obstinacy. William, perhaps, is the most gracious and appealing, and Harry, the successful actor and aspiring manager—agonized and mentally and financially wrecked after years of triumph—the most piteous. But a detailed analysis of all the diverse personalities in this extensive panorama would require the dimensions of another book.

This work, admirable as it is, is scarcely great enough for that. But the fact remains that an adequate review of it, within logical limits, is rendered practically impossible by the wealth of varied incident and characterization that it contains. The difficulty is increased by the absence of plot, and the admixture of pure fiction with a preponderating mass of what may be called "mock biography." In this contribution there is an element of positive, but indefinable, truth. The actors, of course, with the whole of their social life, are absolutely fictitious, but their personalities and achievements are more or less founded upon pre-existent models. The process of manufacture is perfectly legitimate and has been accomplished with remarkable ingenuity and skill. The whole makes gripping and most dramatic narrative, for the action alternates situations of delightful high comedy with those exercising the most poignant of human emotions. Some of these scenes might be transferred, with very little alteration, from the printed page to the boards of the theatre. One hardly knows whether to describe the book as novel, play, or historical romance. From all these aspects the composition is a masterpiece of its kind. The historical part of it, at any rate, reflects accurately enough the changing conditions of the theatre during the last two centuries, from the time when Drury Lane was the national home of Shakespeare and the Kembles (it is the Glory Hole of the book) until it condescended to spectacular melodrama and musical comedy, while tragedy, now noisy and shabby, fled to the Surrey side of the Thames and Sheridan and Goldsmith were driven from their former haunts by the "movies" and the "squawkies."

No lover of good fiction or of the theatre can afford to leave "Broome Stages" unread.

J. Ranken Towse, a graduate of Cambridge University, England, has during the course of his eighty-seven years followed the stage both in England and America with a knowledge and a critical responsibility seldom equalled. He was for sixty-odd years associated with the old New York Evening Post *and is now its Dramatic Editor Emeritus. He is at present a resident of his native England.*

THE FRENCH TRANSLATE JOYCE

Drawn for the SATURDAY REVIEW *by Guy Pene du Bois*

Ageless, but of this Age

RED-HEADED WOMAN. By KATHARINE BRUSH. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

KATHARINE BRUSH'S new novel is the sort of book which researching journalists, like the present Mark Sullivan, will wish to read in the approaching 'fifties when they write amusing social histories of the shining and hungry early 'thirties. This is not to say that many others than social historians will not wish to read the book. It was written to be read by very many people today but, more than a story to be read, it is a social picture to be seen, a picture of a very vivid if not very intelligent segment of the American scene.

It is principally as collector of the amazing trivial details of our times that Miss Brush has distinction in this new book. To a masculine reader there is a fascination in the sheer bulk of feminine details she presents, matters of cosmetics and clothes, of perfumes and coiffures. Beginning with Titian hair Miss Brush builds her book chromatically with such items as the color of ink on an automatically scrawled hotel message, black finger nails with silver rims to match a black evening dress, dancing negresses girdled with ostrich feathers of red and green, rooms of black and green and chromium steel, a man in tan shirtsleeves untying a crimson tie.

The details are the book. As her publishers proclaim, Miss Brush's "Red-Headed Woman," though a part of this glittering age, is an ageless type. She comes down the ages to be in Miss Brush's hands as glittering and as superficial as a bright stone. Miss Brush describes the effulgence of her Lillian Andrews but she makes no effort to penetrate within the shapely red head. Her heroine is too simply hard and too simply shrewd. "Red-Headed Woman" is no study of a woman but a technicolor photograph of one.

Miss Brush's Renwood is a town as depressing as Sinclair Lewis's towns were depressing but more colorful. It is larger than Gopher Prairie, smaller than Zenith. It lies west a day's travel from New York, not far from Cleveland. Along its streets the white-skinned, red-haired Lillian walks, first a stenographer playing loose with taxi-drivers and bootleggers, then as the socially unacceptable wife of the town's rich young man whose first and happy marriage she destroyed. Dressed like a diva, smoking brazenly, leading a strange and colorful dog upon a leash, her costumed, coiffured progress leads inevitably away from Renwood to

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a richer man in a cinematographic New York where, as in Renwood, males turn as she passes and utter a reverently lascivious exclamation.

Many will read and enjoy Miss Brush's new novel. Like all her other writing it possesses a happy brilliance of phrase and a faculty of holding the reader's interest. Certainly the story deals with a phase of American life familiar and dramatic. "Red-Headed Woman" should be a popular book and from a literary standpoint it possesses virtue even though its faults gleam as clearly as its shining detail. Perhaps the greatest weakness in the book is in its characterization, all of the characters being figures with single characteristics who, like brightly painted robots, lack all elements of human surprise. Miss Brush writes with a continual brilliant levity but between her comedy and her reader's laughter she holds a steady contempt. While her satire is sharp it is too seldom subtle and there is in it neither indignation nor pity. It is a brittle, hard book about a brittle, hard world. The identity is fitting.

"The Singing Pyrenees"

BASQUE PEOPLE. By DOROTHY CANFIELD. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELEANOR MERCEIN KELLY
Author of "Basquerie"

ANY new book with a Pyrenean flavor is an event to one who knows her Pays Basque, and when it happens to be written by so skilled a pen as that of Dorothy Canfield, the pleasurable anticipation is doubled. That perhaps is why in this case fulfilment is just a little disappointing; one had expected, it may be, more than was quite fair. For skilled though it be, Miss Canfield's pen is not a romantic one; and there is something essentially romantic, for all its matter-of-fact practicality, about a people so deeply rooted in an undiscovered past, content to inhabit the same valleys, the same fields, the same houses as their quite remote ancestors, retaining practically unchanged for thirty centuries a sturdy racial entity. And this despite the pressure of an ever-changing world close upon them, despite the fact that always their men have roamed the seven seas in search of profit and adventure.

Certainly visitors to any strange land get out of it very much what they take to it. That is perhaps why so little has been written of Basques. The average traveller, or reader, is content to regard the race as a sort of mixture of French and Spanish; with neither of which has it the slightest ethnological affiliation. It is said that no one not of Basque blood has ever mastered the Basque tongue. The Basque nature is even more difficult, notwithstanding a surface affability; to get below the skin requires more than a brief, or even a long, residence in that country. A certain sensitiveness to racial differences is needed, some deep-lying, perhaps atavistic sympathy, impossible no doubt to one of purely Anglo-Saxon strain.

That Miss Canfield should make little errors common to all authors writing of a people whose tongue is strange to them, is not surprising—as, for example, the naming of a certain house "Etchonda." This would be the same thing as to name one of our own country-places "House," since any Basque homestead is an etchonda. Again, "Gachucha," which she uses as a proper name, happens to be in reality a term of endearment, the equivalent of "pet" or "darling." While it is just conceivable that the very undemonstrative Basques might call some cherished female relative "Aunt Pet," or "Cousin Darling," it is not likely.

This sort of *gaffe* is too trivial to need mentioning. Others seem more important, on the part of an author who undertakes to represent to alien minds the personality of a people. Basques, for instance, rarely marry as we say "for love," although natural inclination is taken into account by the elders who arrange the marriages. Courtship such as she mentions here, licensed petting-parties between a properly affianced couple, would be unthinkable among the decent village folk the author describes.

Nor have I ever, in a rather intensive study of things Basque, happened to come across a single authentic instance of suicide—three of which are mentioned in the space of this one small volume. Suicide has never been a Basque gesture; it is one of the things that simply are not done, partly for religious reasons, partly as a matter of temperament. There is no strain in the Basque nature of a morbid melancholy not uncommon among their Spanish neighbors, nor yet of the detached *je m'en fichism* which infests agnostic France. Your typical Basque is a practical if not too-pious Catholic, a robust and outdoors sort of person, with a vigorous enthusiasm for work and sport alike, and almost invariably a racy, ironic sense of humor. He is, in other words, a congenital die-hard.

Humor, indeed, is what I miss most in these stories. Irony is the note of several —"The Saint of the Old Seminary," and "Gold from Argentina" especially—but there lacks the droll, sly Basque chuckle which makes such mockery good. Nor is the manner of the tales quite convincing. I doubt whether a remote Basque village pedagogue, through whom most of the episodes are told—or indeed any European pedagogue who had not been educated in the United States—would translate her native idiom into quite such colloquial American as "guess again," and "hard-boiled," and "it's no go." I doubt whether she would describe one of her pupils as a "pretty little trick," or on the other hand whether she would habitually refer to all the non-Basque residents of Europe as "Aryan."

As a matter of fact, these stories, with one exception, might almost as well have been laid in any corner of Western Europe, or indeed of America, as in the Pays Basque. Nevertheless, they are good stories, full of that tolerant knowledge of our common humanity which may always be expected from Miss Canfield. Certain phrases are memorable as aphorisms: for example—"Nothing can be accomplished by anybody who is thinking of two things at once"—"Don't pretend to me that at your age you have never observed how sensitive people are completely helpless before callous ones, conscientious ones before unscrupulous"—"Because some dogs kill sheep, should one stand coolly by without lifting a hand to pull a drowning puppy from the ditch?"

The book would be worth reading if only for the account of Papa Guignol, who, when the terrible storm of '27 destroyed the ancient puppet-show upon which his neighborhood had grown up unto the third and fourth generation, was instantly voted a grand new one by the town council, even before they had taken time to restore their fallen roofs and to repair their washed-out roads.

The one exception which appears to me recognizably Basque in feeling is the last tale in the book: dealing with a certain summer three hundred years ago, when the hysterical epidemic of witchcraft then raging through Europe reached the Pays Basque while all the men were away at the Newfoundland fishing-banks, and took heavy toll among the unprotected. over-wrought wives. This story of how two very young sons of one of the accused women—sane, strong-willed Dominiqua Dargaineratz—set sail across the Atlantic in their little boat, with their senile grandfather and a crippled uncle, to bring the whaling-fleet home to their mother's rescue, has an authentic Basque thrill to it; and one shares Henry of Navarre's reputed shout of laughter over the picture of that handful of embattled neighbors of his, fish-hooks in hand, putting to rout the dreaded Courts of Sorcery and all the majesty of French law, before they turned literally to beat the devil out of their wives and live happily ever after. —Not that there are not plenty of witch-folk still remaining in Labourd and the Soule! But as a certain old Basquaise of my acquaintance remarked: "They have learned, those ones, how to keep their place—which is assuredly not in the *ménage*."

My discontent with Miss Canfield's book is that there is not more of such stuff in it. She seems oddly to have missed the virile, galliard quality of a race which has given to the world more than its share of fighting jongleurs, warrior housewives, and bold sea-rovers such as Michel the Basque, who declined to have his gangrenous leg cut off because he felt that a really successful pirate needed all the legs he had.—And how could anyone have lived even one round of seasons in those happy hunting grounds of lost Atlantis, and managed to absorb so little of the colorful, dramatic beauty of a background which in itself explains the age-long tenacious Basque attachment to place!

Here is an art that seems to me better adapted to its usual thoughtful portrayal of modern conditions close at hand, than to a happy presentation of those prehistoric highlands and hinterlands called by old bards "The Singing Pyrenees."

A Crinoline Type

RED LIKE CRIMSON. By JANE PARADINE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON

THIS is the first book of a new writer who will surely be heard from again. The publishers call 't a novel, it reads like autobiography: is, in either character, a remarkable study of late Victorian childhood and youth—and of course parentage. The setting and personnel are familiar, a rectory in the peaceful English countryside, a father and mother who outwardly conform to the ways of their time, and a group of normal children, two girls and three boys, destined to be "brought up" in the peremptory Victorian fashion. The rector is an English gentleman, correctly born and bred, who happens to have taken the Church as his profession. He honestly holds a gentleman's faith, correctly performs his religious duties, and away from them is worldly and self-absorbed, as much squire as parson; a good average Britisher of his class. He is fond of his children but not disposed to be bothered by them. They understand his affection and make allowance for his occasional testiness. "Father was half in the wrong often when he was cross, and though he wouldn't say so, we both knew, and he didn't mind. But if Mother was angry, our happiness was blotted out."

Mother was never in the wrong; she could be angry with an offender for days together. Her children feared her, and there was something abject in their worship of her, as of a divinity beautiful and malign. Her personality dominates the household. Its strangeness is obscured by conventional form and phrase. Beneath her snobbishness and her religiosity burns a daring individualism, and her coldness in ordinary relations is the sign of a temperament essentially if unconsciously Lesbian. There is always some person of her own sex on whom, while the infatuation lasts, she lavishes the attentions and endearments for which her daughters go hungry. All this without scandal or grossness; Mother's odd habit of being queer about certain people somehow gets itself accepted by her husband and children as a natural part of her. She, without question, is the person who lifts this record from plain chronicle to the subtle portrait of a pagan in the Victorian-evangelical setting. Does she understand herself? Is she a deliberate tyrant, egotist, and hypocrite? That is a question the reader must decide for himself, since the chronicler leaves it artfully open. Mother is true to her role, if not to herself, even on the deathbed which she contrives to make so effective and dramatic. Her whole status, the meaning of her life, hangs on the assumption that she is going to leave desolation behind her. What will Father do without her who has always "stood between him and everything that could hurt him?" She imagines him haunting the place of their union—or of his subjection. He must never leave it: "If he goes away, his life will be quite broken. . . . He will get to love my grave, and will make little plans for making it beautiful."

And so she goes out of life, suitably and sentimentally, quoting Tennyson. But irony only waits for her passing; her sufficient epitaph is written in the immediate relief and zest with which her children and her husband, relieved of the spell of her presence, take up their new freedom. A cruel and credible study of a type that could hide among the crinolines and moral platitudes of the nineteenth century, even as it can hide under our own sun-tans and tags of quasi-scientific patter. But this is also a portrait of a person that is likely to hang in the gallery of memory longer, perhaps, than one would wish.

The Uses of Adversity

(*Continued from page* 225)

anything but liquor and women, let them escape from their covers, or stay longer in the brains of their readers than a cocktail in the mouth, and what a scurrying, irritated ant heap New York would become, or Los Angeles, or London! No danger. These books are weak reflections of discontent, not the "eidólons" Whitman used to talk about, and which even his massive imagination could not raise for the money-mad latter nineteenth century. And is it not fortunate that only now and then a great book, like Rousseau's, breaks through the crust of indifference and makes a generation turbulent! When they begin to read pamphlets instead of tabloids in the subways, a wise man will plant potatoes on his Connecticut hilltop, see that the well is cleared out, and try to find his grandfather's woollen underwear.

M. André Maurois, in his playful article in *the Atlantic Monthly* on what a visiting Frenchman should know of America, is surely right when he says that we are an intelligent race, quick to absorb new theories of living, and quicker still to forget them. He is thinking, perhaps, of the mobile American middle class that swings this way and that, after both slang and philosophy. For them these bookshelves pop like yacht cannon; then off they go after a new firecracker.

Prosperity is the reason. No foreigner seems to realize that we are a race susceptible to impassioned thought—as our Jeffersons, our Emersons, our Henry Georges prove; but no sooner has a philosophy of living taken hold than a wave of California metal, or New England textiles, or Minnesota wheat, or Detroit automobiles, sweeps up and over it. No one is truly philosophical, no one does five-year planning, economically or spiritually, while the boom is on, and America has boomed every ten years or so for centuries.

If this period of unsettlement lasts long enough—and it will, for even when most have jobs again the industrial system will be creaking down to some new "adjustment"—adversity may have its uses, though the new morality will never call them sweet. At this moment the literature of how to live in hard times (which includes about three quarters of all the world's greatest books) seems to mean just about as much for the average man or woman as the drone of an irrelevant airplane far overhead. But it will begin to be read and felt again; and at the same time the voices of our contemporary Cassandras will begin to penetrate. We shall not believe them, they may carry only to the ears of the literate, but these at least will begin to think. Thinking, of course, is not enough. They must feel, and for that poetry, which may very well be more important than steel or cotton in the next century, is essential. More of that anon.

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

BROOME STAGES. By CLEMENCE DANE. *Doubleday, Doran.*

The story of a family consistently devoted to the stage, spanning the period from the mid-eighteenth century to the present day. A notable novel.

BLAINE OF MAINE, HIS LIFE AND TIMES. By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL. *Farrar & Rinehart.*

A portrait of the Plumed Knight, and his stormy political career.

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS. By ALICE DUER MILLER. *Simon & Schuster.*

A narrative in verse.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Published weekly by the Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry Seidel Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates per year, postpaid, in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 8. No. 14.

The Saturday Review is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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The Bowling Green

Translations from the Chinese

THE OVERCOAT

YOU Americans, said the Old Mandarin,
Are great admirers of Personality;
Therefore let me tell you a story
Of the Austrian poet, Rainer Maria Rilke.

Rilke, visiting a friend in Vienna,
Left his old overcoat behind.
Years later there was another visitor at the same house,
A shy, gloomy philomath,
Who was dubious of women, regarding them
As flies in the ointment of Thought.
He was writing a Downfall of Civilization,
And his only pastime
Was to wander in a dense melancholy
About the lively streets of Wien.

There came a spell of cold wet weather
And his host lent him Rilke's old overcoat
To wear for his afternoon stroll.
When he returned, the guest's demeanor was odd:
Several times he began to speak, and checked himself.
The next day he did not come back until after dinner,
And the following time, not until midnight,
Accompanied by a whiff of wine
And several cheery young women
Whom he introduced vaguely to his hostess
As companions of hazard.
Agitated, he explained privately to his host
That every woman he met had been giving him the eye.
One accosted him on the street,
Another sat down beside him at a pavement café
And asked what he'd have.
One beckoned to him from a passing taxi,
Some even followed him from the counters of department stores
Prettily tucking themselves inside his elbows
And nestling on his lapels.
Their bright eyes, their inquiring minds,
Their appetitive curvatures,
Surrounded him with exquisite chatter,
Abolished the impartial tenor of his mind,
And kept him out very late on park benches.

Aber du, said his friends in amazement,
You, who announced that women
Are *only* subordinate clauses,
Dangling participles in the human syntax?

I can't imagine what they see in me, he said dolefully.
They whisper the most extravagant things;

One said, as soon as she saw my back far down the street
She knew I was what she had been looking for so long.
But the sad thing is,
It's only outdoors that I seem to interest them
As soon as we go inside
They appear vaguely disappointed, and fade away.

His puzzled friends
Who knew there was no future in this sort of thing
(Either for the philosopher or the young women)
Suddenly said, Ach, don't we remember
That was the coat poor Rilke wore
That time he was writing those sonnets?
Evidently there was some mystic power
Exerted by the garment,
So to save their friend from attentions
That were endangering his austerity
They put the coat in camphor
And, as it was the beginning of winter,
Hurried the philosopher
To a milder climate.

I fear there is no moral
Except that, as your prophet Walt Whitman loved to reiterate,
Life effuses all sorts of eidolons.
But I think if this story were known
There'd be more sale for Rilke's books.

MANNERS

"What, haven't you read Voltaire's *Dictionary?*
I'll bring my copy round for you."

Not at all, replied the Old Mandarin.
I hope I have better manners than that.
I'll come to your apartment
And pay my respects to it there.
Voltaire does not call on us,
We call on him.

THE FIRE ESCAPE

It was built as a fire-escape
But meanwhile the tenants find it more useful
As a metal connection for all the radios
To pick up the wave-lengths dashing high
On the stern and hidebound coast
Of our apartment house.
Queer to think that down those rusty stairs
Have come Gandhi on tiptoe
And Bernard Shaw in his heavy brogues
(Oh Dublin Assurance.)

MODERNISM

While she was telling the Old Mandarin
How very modern she is
He was observing
That she serves Old-Fashioned Cocktails
From an antique cobbler's workbench.

CHAIN LUNCH

I like taking my lunch at Bickford's,
Said the sage, unwrapping a salmon sandwich
(With a slice of lemon neatly imbedded in the crack
Like a twinge of Chinese venom
In the heart of a canticle).
It pleases me to think, as I sit here,
That also in Boston, Baltimore, and San Francisco
Some unknown Bickford brother
Also recruits his courage
On a platter of corned beef hash.

CATHEDRAL

It's refreshing, in a land of overmuch speed,
To see things moving slowly and with patience.
I stand in the great nave of your unfinished cathedral,
(Beautiful indeed, with late afternoon brightness
Through the open western end)
And I think to myself, there need be no hurry.
God will still be there.

I have seen too many long-finished cathedrals:
There is more thrill in watching one in progress.
I like the scaffolding and wooden fences,
The lumber and guy-wires and blocks of stone.
In the yard is an incomplete statue,
A lady with scroll and key, and an owl on her shoulder.
Wisdom, perhaps. Wisdom is never complete.

I like the idea of the Pilgrim Pavement
Where 88,000 stones at $5 each
Have already been paid for
And there is room for 12,000 more.

An Italian stone-cutter was asked
How many more years to finish? Three years?
Tree year? he cried. Ten year! Maybe hundred!
We have to stop. No money.

Yet perhaps that tall nave, a ship of vision,
New York's paradox, New York's anomaly,
Reaches as high already
As the Empire State.

USED CAR

I've sold the old sedan, Diana of the Crossways,
(We haven't any use for her in the city)
But how much more I sold
Than just a 1928 Boilroaster.
The Used Car Exchange was pretty contemptuous
And said they'd have to spend a lot of money
To make her look
Like a New York City car.

But I remember once, seeing her outside my window,
Suddenly realizing what space and power were latent
In a few feet of metal, rubber and glass:
Miracles of possibility, miracles of life and death.
How close she may have skimmed
The dark angel with a ticket.

How much more I sold. . . . there went with her
Several thousand miles of sun and snowstorm
Never to be retraced.
The Motor Parkway in sherry and scarlet,
The wayside jugs of cider, the blazing lamps at dusk;
Hot noons under the Cathedral tree,
Thunderstorms at Lloyd's Neck,
Children undressing in the car;
The high shoulder of a hill in Vermont,
Berkshire inns gracious to tousled travelers,
Salt Northeast rain between New London and Stonington
And terror crossing the 59th Street bridge in streams of traffic
Where man's greatest panorama teases the edge of the eye
But the driver dare not look aside.

Regarde mon visage et pars assuré
Said the little blue emblem on the dash
(Remember to cancel that insurance!)
Which I carefully unscrewed.

We filled in the Bill of Sale:
For one and other dollars was the dealer's odd phrase
For, says he, suppose I sell her to someone over in Jersey,
It's better if he don't know what I paid for her.
Whoever the chance customer may be
He'll never know how much more he buys
Than was listed in the Bill of Sale
And somehow I hope it won't be Someone Over in Jersey:
I have a feeling she'd like to go back to Long Island.
She was in the garage, a mechanic looking her over,
And as I went down the street
I heard a blast of her mellow horn.
One of those queer things that happen,
As though she was saying—

WAIT FOR THE LIGHTS

On West End Avenue one-way traffic
Shoots hasty merchants uptown at dusk.
See the Old Mandarin kilt up his robes
And pause in doubtfulness.
What are you thinking, O. M.?

Among the speeding cars
He quotes the Ancient Mariner:
They passed me by
Like the whizz of my crossbow.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Things That Ain't So

SORRY BUT YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT IT. By ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by JAMES FUCHS

EVERY schoolboy knows (or *would* know, *o lector benevolentissime,* if he were as well-informed as thou art) that the late lamented Viscount of Verulam, in his youth, took all knowledge for his province. Mr. Wiggam, in the comprehensive imperialism of his mind, hit upon a better idea: he started, years ago, from the plausible assumption, that what the public doesn't know, would fill a library—meaning, what the public *doesn't* know and he *does*—and he began to stock up that library by the successive publication of a number of useful volumes contrasting wrong notions on important topics with right concepts, or what he considers such, according to his lights.

This is the difference between his previous volumes and the present one: heretofore he contented himself with one special subject, to be illumined in one volume. But now his alarums and excursions, within the covers of a single volume of moderate proportions, lead him into an amazingly large number of provinces of the human mind—all of them backwoods, with a jungle growth of prejudices as difficult to remove as a New York Dock Commissioner with an income of twenty thousand a year. Some of thse preconceived notions are scarcely worth while removing. As for instance: Mr. Wiggam insists, with uncalled-for emphasis, that the ostrich doesn't hide his head in the sand. Well, if he doesn't he ought to. Besides, how many ostriches, in moments of imminent peril, has Mr. Wiggam observed? Any lawyer can tell him, that it is well nigh impossible to prove a mere negation. He shouldn't try. He goes out of his way, to disprove errors that are not of the slightest consequence—as for instance, the old saw that ministers' sons usually go to the devil. The saying, if wrong, is a self-defensive one on the part of the laity—they want it to be understood that they remain in secular life, to improve the chances of their offspring in the world-to-come; if right, it is a beautifully even-handed scheme of Providence—two saintly generations, in straight succession, won't do: turn and turn about is fair play. Some of Mr. Wiggam's controversial points are utterly hopeless, as far as corrective effect upon the persons to be converted is concerned—fancy a chapter superscribed:

You Are Wrong if You Believe THAT YOU KNOW HOW TO WIN AN ARGUMENT.

That is an insult levelled at the head of the public in general, which will be resented, not only in schoolrooms, barrooms, court-rooms, legislative assemblies, and other crowded haunts of arguers, but even in awful solitudes seldom trodden by the foot of men, such as the Alkali Desert of Arizona, or the Reading Room of the Rand School Library.

It must not be supposed, that *all* the chapters of this amusing and tolerably instructive volume are either trivial, or far-fetched, or of vapidly generic tenor. There are a good many that are worth while reading, and some that are fine specimens of a Cobbett-like, forcible, argumentative prose. Mr. Wiggam seems to entertain some of the prejudices of a rather unimaginative and humorless rationalism—but that won't hurt his book; it keeps the reader in countenance; if *his* prejudices are to be exposed, then he won't take it amiss, if he stumbles now and then upon a prejudice of the author's. To quote an instance: what Mr. Wiggam has to say about telepathy, is dictated by sheer ignorance—and casual ignorance, in a book so brashly and domineeringly educational in manner and purport, will be felt as a welcome slip by overawed readers.

A three-day Conference on Creative Writing is to be held under the auspices of the School of Letters of the State University of Iowa on October 29, 30, and 31. There will be round tables on Creative Writing and the Universities, Creative Writing and Journalism, and The Midwest in Letters.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW regrets that by an error at the engraver's, the date of the letter from Joseph Conrad reproduced in last week's Bowling Green was altered from 1920 to 1930.

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Concerning Human Beings

Primitive Peoples

GARNERED SHEAVES. By SIR JAMES GEORGE FRAZER. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. $7.50.

Reviewed by HARTLEY ALEXANDER

ANY book bearing as its author's name that of Sir James George Frazer will find its way securely to the shelves of seated libraries, of scholars, and of gentlemen with antiquarian and curious interests. "Garnered Sheaves" will be, and deserves to be no exception, even while—for all its half thousand solid pages—it is in the nature of footnote to the more massive contributions with which Frazer has pillared and keyed the anthropological thinking of the passing generation. The book, indeed, is a miscellany of essays, addresses, notes, reviews gathered from slumbrous files and varying in date from "On Certain Burial Customs," read before the Anthropological Institute in 1885, to an address at the jubilee of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies in 1929,—a forty-year span which should be entitled to pickings.

Of the reviews, some twenty-five in number, the majority are devoted to post-war studies of primitive peoples, and in particular of the peoples of Africa, for which the series gives critical bibliography of no small value. Of the addresses the most notable is doubtless the lecture on the "Scope and Method of Mental Anthropology," delivered at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1921, although the more interesting, because of its personal touch, is the address, in French, here reprinted, to the Ernest Renan Society, delivered at the Ecole du Louvre in 1920. As to the essays, the author himself calls attention to two in his preface: to the article on "Taboo" reprinted from the ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, where, as he intimates, this important conception was first made over significantly into a key to the interpretation of primitive institutions; and to the still earlier article "On Certain Burial Customs," which Sir James tells us he has yet in mind to use as the foundation for an elaborated study of fear of the dead as a source of religion. These two articles, looking backwards and forwards in the author's interests, hold, therefore, a dramatic focus that perhaps more than anything else gives the volume contemporary concern.

For the reviewer, however,—remembering, as he must, the fresh excitement with which years ago he read, was it the first or second edition of "The Golden Bough,"—there is some blurring of the pique of curiosity as to this forthcoming book. In the first place, is there not too much foreordination in the very announcement "that fear of the dead has influenced profoundly the growth of religion?" None can question that Sir James Frazer will have accumulated immense evidence to set this factor beyond doubt, and indeed one need but note what in his recent reviews he has most carefully culled to guess what will be grist to this mill. But is he likely to give the other side of the image, and to picture something of the wistful and many times pathetically loving devotion to the departed which moves profoundly the savage no less than any heart? It is no one-sided thing, this farewell to the dead, and tomes could be compiled that would show love outchallenging fear, devotion unblenching before death. Perchance here, too, is a source of religion.

After all, there is a vast peril to truth in a too massy accumulation of evidence for a prepared thesis. The evidence can usually be found, but many instances obscure the complexities of the facts. For example, one of the more interesting papers in the volume in hand (printed first in 1885) is a study of the Greek prytaneum and the Roman temple of Vesta in each of which Frazer saw, convincingly, the relic of some old, ancestral cult of the hearth-fire. Then he goes abroad for analogies, and with others brings in the *estufa*—or, as we now prefer, the *kiva*—of the Pueblo Indians; here, too, perpetual fire, he thinks, "in the chief house of the village," and under the chief's responsible eye. Since Frazer consulted his authorities a vast amount has been learned as to these kivas; even in the fragment of the small village of Unshagi, where we were excavating a month since, three kivas are laid bare, and as many more will follow—certainly, no temple of Vesta, nor kitchen of chief's house here. Nor is there the least evidence that it is only "since the conversion of these Indians to Christianity" that "the maintenance of the perpetual fire in the estufa has become exceptional." As hereabouts everyone knows, if there is anything in the Pueblo that is untouched by Christianity it is the kiva, whose only real analogy to the temple of Vesta is that (in many examples) it is round! The truth is that this bolstering of a sound local study, which that of Vestals was, by far-sought similitudes often hurts rather than helps the case, and throws heavy doubt upon any so simple an hypothesis as that all-fire symbolism is in source only the kitchen-maid guarding live coals for village convenience.

Hartley Burr Alexander, who was for some years a professor of philosophy, has written extensively on matters anthropological and sociological, and has contributed two volumes to the "Mythology of All Races" series.

Combination in Industry

CONCENTRATION IN AMERICAN INDUSTRY. By HARRY W. LAIDLER. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1931. $3.75.

Reviewed by W. O. SCROGGS

IF, in the days when T. R. sat in the White House, Mr. Average Citizen were asked what he regarded as the most important problem before the American people he would have replied, "It's the trusts, of course." The last twenty-five years have brought great changes. Combination in industry has reached a scale never dreamed of by the trust-baiters of a generation ago, and yet the people do not become excited about it as they used to do. One explanation which has been offered is that big business behaves much better to-day than it did at the beginning of the century. Another is that, with their automobiles before them as examples, the people have become convinced of the advantages of large-scale organization and no longer regard combinations as inherently evil. Still another explanation is that, since the people have learned to trade in the stocks of General Motors, Steel, and the Standard Oil companies, they have become more conservative in their attitude toward corporations.

There is presumably some truth in all these explanations. But the fact that public sentiment about the trusts changed between 1909 and 1929 is itself an indication that it may change again. Indeed, some observers are saying that the pendulum has already begun to swing back once more, now that the stock market has lost its glamor and small investors and speculators are painfully aware of their losses on the stocks of some of the big mergers.

All this gives Dr. Laidler's book a peculiar interest. He has packed it with information about the latest developments in combinations. Many readers will be amazed at the story which he tells of the concentration which has been taking place under their very eyes in the oil, steel, copper, aluminum, automobile, tobacco, food, chemical, moving picture, wearing apparel, water-power, and electric industries. The book brings the information on these matters right up to the minute. No other single volume contains such a wealth of material pertaining to the present organization of the forces of production and distribution in the United States. Moreover, Dr. Laidler knows how to make the story interesting and how to put life even into a table of figures.

Most readers will probably find Dr. Laidler's narration of the facts of more interest and value than his conclusions as set forth in the final chapter. It is here that his socialistic leanings cause him to depart for a brief space from the detachment so evident in the rest of the work. That is atoned for, however, by the excellence of the book as a whole.

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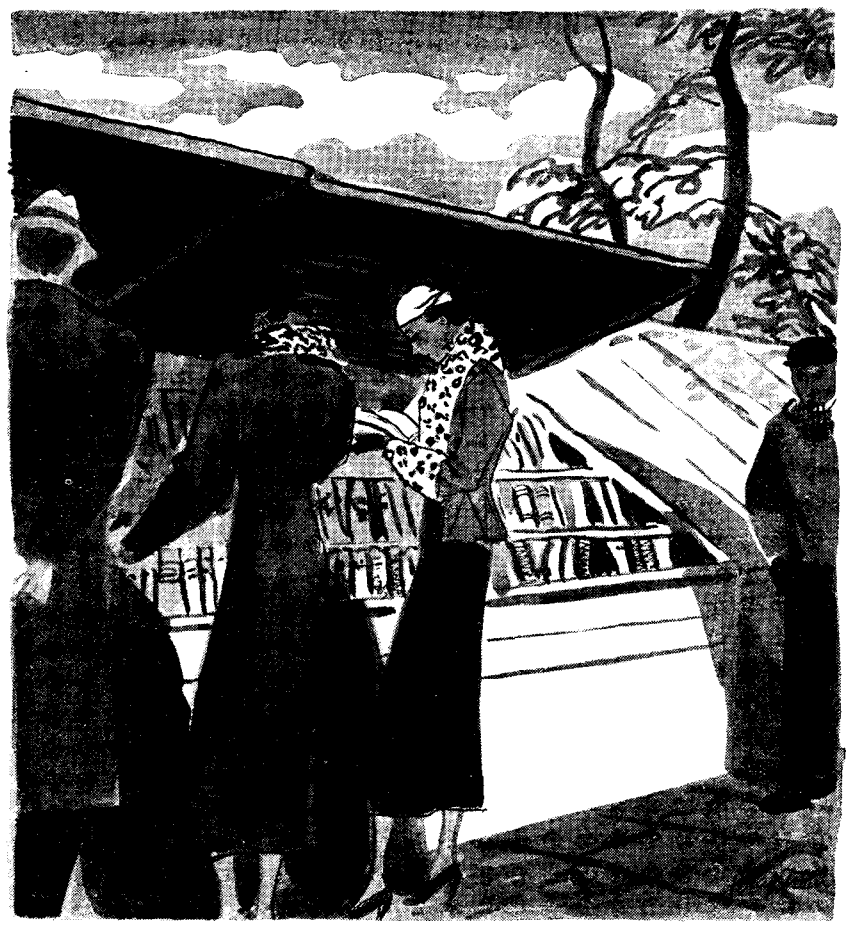

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Round About Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I HAD heard of James Feibleman's *Death of the God in Mexico* (Liveright) before it came to me, and the flap of its jacket brandished the names of Donne, Emily Dickinson, and Edwin Arlington Robinson in connection with the merits of Mr. Feibleman's poetry. I expected great things. I was disappointed.

This new poet is curiously without ear. He is like a singer who should flat most of the time. He is curiously without any real sensitivity to the shape, sound, and color of words. And an analysis of his cerebration reveals very little of moment under elaborate verbiage. Some of his lines are really so awkward that one wonders for a moment whether he should not be assigned to the shelf where repose James Byron Elmore and James Gordon Coogler. In his "Defense of Intellectual Verse," for instance, be avers:

The clicking of the cogs of long abuse
Left by the war, brought poets to complain;
And though it seems we cannot sing again,
Queer sounds have lifted up and broken loose.

They have indeed.

He has difficulty in following through a figure of speech. Another poem, "Fiasco," begins

Negatives in my canister
Keep juicy images of her

and we are immediately involved in confusion. In the first place I never heard of negatives being kept in a canister, and the epithet "juicy" applied to the image on a negative is singularly horrible. The poem is brief, anyway, but the last verse runs as follows:

Alas! no kodak beckons back
My lady, nor has it the knack
Of rubbing off a love's shellac.

Shellac, of course, has nothing to do with negatives,—or with love, though a "beating-up" is now known to gangsters as a "shellacking." And if the kodak's presentation of the image of his lady did not satisfy the poet in restoring her to him as she actually was, and if it also had not the knack of disillusioning him with her as he knew she was,—well, about *which* is he complaining? Again, in "Faun and Counter-Faun," he declares

We are no more than nymph and faun
In the zoo of my despair.

Now a certain wild delight may doubtless be derived from the contemplation of the state of despair as a zoo, but it would be a very queer zoo indeed that included nymphs and fauns among its animals. The goat-thighed faun was, allowably, part animal; the nymph, never; save in the sense that we are all animals. It is this unprecise mixture of images that simply will not mix, that constitutes one great fault of Mr. Feibleman's verse. The effect is meant to be startling, but most certainly it does not waylay. The power of poetry inheres in the fact that its words properly used raise a variety of distinct associations, but when the words are so used that the associations become hopelessly scrambled, the effect upon the mind is—to return to the poet's reference to the photographic negative—that of a plate or film where several quite different pictures have been superimposed upon one another.

Then there is the question of syntax. At the very start, in the first lines of the first section of "Death of the God in Mexico," I read,

Of rain in the walls of my father's house,
The long, thin, years or the insuperable foison,
I had no rest nor change,

and was immediately halted. Surely one has "no rest or change" *from* "rain in the walls, etc.," and not *of* them. With the best will in the world to find this title poem all I hoped it would be, the brief narrative in three parts seemed to me strangely fumbling. Not much farther on a sonnet, "Jewish Farmers," yielded up this most memorable line

We met back at the store and fell on soup

which is surely worthy of "The Stuffed Owl!" Turn two pages and I find "El Greco" beginning

With circular circumstance become insidious,

which, to me means, purely and simply, nothing at all. From Einstein we now know that space is curved, but that circumstance was circular we had as yet no inkling. Can this thing be?

Again, take the octave of the sonnet, "Of Particles." I set it forth, frankly, as a horrible example. And by whatever delicate method I elect, however, warily I stalk it, however swiftly I pounce from covert, I fail to understand it. Technically it has almost every single fault a sonnet should not possess.

With many details life is made complex;
Love flies above them; they are not detested;
Genius ignores them; random interests vested
May alternate with passions other than sex.
Better the scorching plain with myriad treks
On sameness soil. That voyager is bested
Whose struggles toward some end the means arrested;
He chokes by the delicate method he elects.

That is the debit side. Open the book again, however, to pages 32 and 33 and you find two brevities that, if they do not contain the soul of wit, are still neatly turned. In Part Three there are merits to "Lakeview Junction," though the next minute one comes in "New Orleans" upon a last line, "The waltz of the dance," and wonders at the tautology, inasmuch as the waltz *is* a dance. "Chemical Aberration" in Part Four is a fair bit of pessimism, and I see I forgot to mention "The Old Men" in Part Two, which presents us with a really interesting intuition. I may say in the words of Mr. Feibleman that in his book "What irritates us most Is possibilities' line." He *has* possibilities, but at present his language is just all over the shop, and he can display such utter lack of discrimination as to include in his volume a poem beginning:

I will make a foetus in a living belly,
The world shall have it back again.
My covert has been dark and smelly;
My works have caused me untold pain.

In contemplating those four lines I cannot but understand his dismay as expressed in the last.

May Lewis in *Red Drumming in the Sun* (Knopf) is as deft at versification as the poet we have been discussing is awkward. Her introductory poem, "Rhythm," stumbles at the end. But the rest of her book of lyrics, generally brief, is musical and accomplished. It yields no great lyricism. It does not move me particularly. It lacks power. But it is usually interesting, the display of a quick mind sobered by experience; and Miss Lewis can sometimes say a good deal in small compass.

BRIDGES

A slender bridge
Over a stream
Is a girl's arm
Outstretched in dream.

A great bridge
Across a river
Is a womans' body—
The life-giver.

And naturally, when I came to "Study in Vermilion," I was quite beguiled:

Vegetable gardens have their beauty;
The feathery carrot top, the earth-dark red
Of beet stalk and the blue-green cabbage head,
The bean vine and the frail flower of the potato,
The purple egg-plant and carmine tomato.

The new typographical dress of *The Saturday Review,* with its dignity and beauty, and the opportunities given for a flexible first page, and an increased legibility for the departmental and special reviewing sections of the magazine, is from the skilful hands of Carl Rollins, Printer to Yale University.

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Karlfeldt, Poet of Sweden

By CHARLES WHARTON STORK

JUST another Nobel Prize winner. One senses the first thought of the average literatus, as Walt Whitman would have called him, on hearing that the Nobel Prize has been posthumously conferred upon Erik Axel Karlfeldt, a Swedish lyric poet. Here is another writer whom nobody has ever heard of and whom nobody outside his own country will hear of very long.

And yet in one respect the present winner was unique. Karlfeldt was the only man to refuse a Nobel Prize. It was first offered to him some ten years ago, but he declined on the grounds that he was unknown outside of Sweden and that the number of Swedish novelists would seem out of proportion, Selma Lagerlöf and Verner von Heidenstam being already on the honor role. Also, as he was of the Swedish Literary Academy which made the award, its dean in fact, his election by his fellow members would be doubly suspect. One begins to divine in this clear-thinking, fame-shy man a character considerably out of the ordinary even among eminent writers.

But Karlfeldt the man interests us at present only as we find him in Karlfeldt the author. How can the English-reading public pass upon his claims to the high honor which he alone declined? A novelist has obviously a much better chance of being read in a foreign language than has a poet. Hardly any modern poetry is read to any extent in English translation, which is a pity. The standard of verse translation has been greatly improved in the past generation; instead of metric paraphrases we have been getting a good many versions that are poems in their own right, that render the original emotion and technique almost, perhaps sometimes quite, at first hand. The assertion may be boldly ventured that if any contemporary poetry can be so rendered into English, it is poetry such as that of Karlfeldt. The idiom of Swedish verse is precisely that of English, and Karlfeldt, being a poet of substance rather than of stylistic novelty, need lose but little of his original vigor and charm.

What has the output of Karlfeldt been? Unlike most poets nowadays, he has written practically no prose. Neither has he attempted any long narrative pieces. He has written only lyrics: lyrics of Swedish nature and peasant life, with a small number of a more personal character. As to form, the sonnet is not in his repertory, and rarely the song. He writes mostly in regular stanzas; of the ten thousand or so lines in his six smallish volumes hardly any are unrhymed. There is often something rather set and measured in his accent.

And yet what a false idea all the preliminary facts are giving! To read Karlfeldt—in his own language, of course—is to live with exquisite intimacy the rich and bracing outdoor life in his native province of Dalecarlia; the region of bright dresses and dark forests; of calm lakes and storm-breeding mountains; of ancient superstitions, droll humor, and strong individuality. The average modern poet takes all his time telling us what he is; Karlfeldt tells us what he sees and does. He is intensely objective. Neither filmy vagueness nor dry abstraction are to his taste. But it is essential to add that, brilliant as are Karlfeldt's surfaces, they are never mere surfaces. He chants in overtones, he opens vistas; if he says much, he makes us dream more.

Let us hear him speak for himself, at least in as far as translation will permit. The opening stanzas of "Mountain Storm" are typical both of his elemental passion and of his artistic control:

Rough, heavy hands are fumbling at the door,
And shoulders rock the beams with savage glee:
"Out of my path, gray kennel where men flee
While earth's heart quivers to the midnight's roar!"

The trolls, weighed down with silence, now wax bold
To chant their hell-hymns on the mountain crest.
The dismal clouds rush forth in mad unrest
And sweep the plain with drooping mantle-fold.

This passage combines very precise and keen observation with an equally remarkable sense of emotional background. Karlfeldt describes only what an average peasant might feel on such an occasion, but he describes it with the inspired imagery of a master. To speak in terms of music, we have here a folk *motif* developed into a symphonic poem.

For contrast we may take the delicate lines of "The Silent Songs":

Like the cool of early spring was our love
Ere the joy of earth finds tongue,
Though the spirit divines that the blue above
Is warm with the breath of song.
Like a swan returned from the south, the sun
Sang proud on its flight afar;
And the moon, a cuckoo, when day was done,
Saluted the evening star.

Here again is freshness of impulse and graceful finality of style. There is "the breath of song" both in first love and in early spring, that sweetness of melodies unheard which was caught by the sensitive ear of Keats. In fact, as one lives oneself more and more deeply into the poetry of Karlfeldt, one has the growing impression that, had the soul of the English poet been transported to Dalecarlia, his pen would have written lines like these.

We may summarize Karlfeldt's personality by saying that he is the highly trained spokesman of a primitive society, a man with the heritage of Burns and the long, careful training of Tennyson. His strength is less in any one poetic faculty than in an even development of all. This makes him less startling on first acquaintance but more delightful on long acquaintance. He stays with one as does the Browning of "Filippo Lippi."

We should not omit to give a specimen of Karlfeldt's more vernacular style. The following is from "Snake Song":

But now I think of snakes, I mind another class of beast,
That's twice as false and slippery and dangerous at least.

They say the snake will crouch among the bushes, and its eye
Can glitter so it fascinates a bird that comes too nigh.

The girl, though, can go anywhere and shoot her witching glance
Wherever she takes notice of a passing pair of pants.

Karlfeldt is in his most characteristic mood when he combines humor with earnest in the series of "Dalecarnian Frescoes in Rhyme." These are poems on native wall paintings, where scenes from the Bible are rendered in terms of the artist's own environment. In "The Assumption of Elijah," for instance, the prophet has "a Sunday hat and leather coat, a stout whip in his hand, and a green umbrella by his knee." Somewhat like the climax of Vachel Lindsay's "General Booth" are the final stanzas describing the heavenly progress of his steeds:

Fire flashes from their nostrils, fire is in their muscles, too,
And they gallop through the firmament so fast
That soon they reach the Milky Way, that golden avenue,
And near the gates of Paradise at last.

Then Our Lord comes out and stands on the stairway of his hall:
"Thou art welcome, worthy prophet, step right in!"
And he beckons to an angel groom, who hastens at his call
And leads the sweating chargers to their bin.

It is in this combination of sturdy reality and imaginative power that the special charm of Karlfeldt lies. It has already endeared him deeply to his own people, and whatever of his quality can be transmitted through another language should win him a much wider appreciation. The genius of Burns gave universality to Ayrshire, which is a much less picturesque region than Dalecarlia. Conceive the emotions of a Scotchman on hearing Burns alluded to as "just another Nobel Prize winner."

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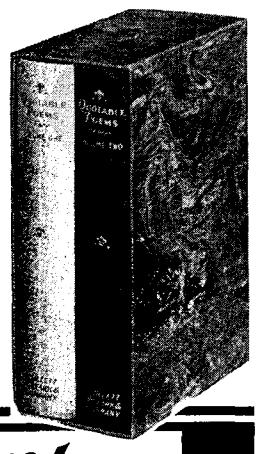

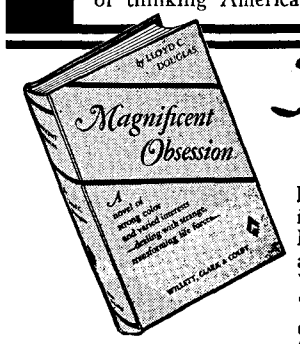

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Points of View

Hatter's Castle

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I have just read the fourth review of "Hatter's Castle," and am more than ever disgusted with the lack of guts manifested by the present generation of reviewers.

The review I have in mind goes on and on and on about Victorian novels, the fact that the book is too long, that many of the speeches between characters could have been cut down, and finishes by telling us that the book deserves a place alongside "The Old Wive's Tale."

Bosh! There is no comparison to be made. And all this talk about Victorian novels, and the book's being too long, is just a mess of supposedly esoteric tommy-rot. Reviewers go in for that stuff about two hundred per cent.

"Hatter's Castle" is the strongest book that has come out of contemporary fiction. And Mr. Cronin comes closer to the genius of Thomas Hardy than any man writing today. He has the same philosophical detachment; the same power of moving prose; the same preoccupation with the tragic aspects of life as the master. He lacks only—or he gains; it all depends on your attitude towards fiction—the coloring of his own philosophy of life. For, so far as he lets you know, he has none. The book is written with the majesty of a god. It depicts a life, and the lives affected by it. That is all. And when that is done as Mr. Cronin does it, completely, richly, fully, then the objective touch in modern literature has reached its highest point. A Hemingway, or a Faulkner, does this kind of thing. But they, and all the minor half-wits that ape them, don't do it ALL. They try to be scientific, and consequently leave out about six-tenths of the picture. Mr. Cronin, on the other hand, gives you the picture with every completeness. You don't see it, you feel it. You feel the full force of the story, the full force of Brodie's madness, the full force of tragedies inspired by his madness. But you don't know what Mr. Cronin feels about it. That, I maintain, is a difficult stunt, and it is the acme of what modern literature tries to attain. The others haven't done it, and in their failure lies our right in insisting that modern literature falls down just because there is none of the author in it. But Cronin shows us our fallacy. His tragedy has the fulness of the Greeks, and but emphasizes the fact that the moderns, could they do what they talk of, wouldn't be so modern after all.

There is but one false touch in the whole book. The happy ending for Mary and the Doctor doesn't belong. Mary has been done with, and would have better returned to London. And the Doctor should have remained the dispassionate creature he has been all along.

Brodie, though, is pictured complete. And, best of all, he is admirable. One feels no pity for him—he is solid, and even the contemptible couple who seem to have bested him would never dare return to his section of England. But all this does not belong here. Better to leave it for the reviewers who look at literature like a scientist looking at a bug, and who find the bug wanting because he isn't as they are. They're the boys for you!

BERTRAM ENOS.

Winnetka, Illinois.

Reference Books

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Mr. Rollins says (Oct. 3) "there is little question that all reference books should be made as slim as possible," apparently by thin paper. That depends on who is to use the book, and how much. Thin paper is all right for a book to be little used, or for a private shelf where shelf-room is scanty and the book will be used only by a man who knows how to use a book. But if it is an office library and there are in the office thirty people who have nothing in common except the degree of A. B., I know by experience that the paper needs to be stiff. The thin-paper volume, even if it be only a supplement used much less than the main cyclopedia, will be rapidly crumpled into uselessness. For a book very much used, even if used by a careful man, there is the further point that thin paper wastes time in turning the leaves, because the thinner leaves are harder to separate.

As to another aspect of slimness, I am strongly in favor of reducing the number of pages in a book of reference by making the pages large. As far as shelf-room goes the matter may be (to use a not-inappropriate idiom) as broad as it is long; but the fewer the pages, the less of the drudgery of turning leaves to find the right one among so many.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

War Book Reviewing

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Is it too much to ask that would-be reviewers of war books should occasionally consult J. N. Cru's monumental "Témoins"? If they did, they might disseminate less blatherdash. What are we to think of a reviewer who, just after mentioning Barbusse as an "honestly realistic writer," speaks of a book published in 1931 but "written down . . . in 1917, *long before any literary description of actual battle scenes could have gotten into print . . . ?*" (Italics mine.) *"Témoins"* (p.556) could have told this blurbster that "Le Feu" appeared in serial form in *L'Œuvre* beginning with August, 1916, and in a volume in January, 1917. Incidentally, M. Cru has some devastating comments on the "honest realism" of both Barbusse and Remarque. Of another book, seldom mentioned in America, "Jusqu'à l'Yser," by Max Deauville, published in September, 1917, M. Cru has this to say: "Un chef d'œuvre parmi les souvenirs des combattants, aussi bien au point de vue littéraire qu'au point de vue document fidèle." M. Cru elsewhere refers to Deauville as "un des dix meilleurs auteurs de la guerre." How long is our patience to be abused by the proclamation of Barbusse and Remarque as realistic writers of war scenes? If we cannot save the word realistic from Babel, we had best consign it to the scrap pile.

Reed College.

BENJAMIN M. WOODBRIDGE.

James Gates Percival

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I am writing a biography of the poet-scholar James Gates Percival (1795-1856), generally recognized as the most learned man of his time. As a poet, physician, linguist, and geologist he entered into correspondence with a wide circle of friends. These letters, as well as other Percival MMS and references to him in diaries and letters, I am anxious to examine. Will *S. R. L.* readers who are acquainted with the location of such materials address me at 2013 Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.?

HARRY R. WARFEL.

John Bailey's Books

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Christopher Morley's mention of John Bailey reminds me that his "Claims of French Poetry" is the best introduction to that whole branch of letters, so derouting to the English mind. He stills the gibes of the partly lettered. Take his book as a text, and as a reader Belloc's "Avril."

MORRIS BISHOP.

Ithaca, N. Y.

On October 23rd and 24th, invited by the University of Virginia, a group of distinguished Southern writers meet at the university for a conference on such problems as the relation between Southern writers and their public, and particular questions relating to Southern literature in its present very interesting stage. Among the writers are to be James Branch Cabell, Ellen Glasgow, DuBose and Dorothy Heyward, Archibald Henderson, Paul Green, Mary Johnston, Julia Peterkin, Donald Davidson, Allen Tate, Laurence Stallings, Amelie Rives, Josephine Pinckney, William Faulkner, Emily Clark, Isa Glenn, Cale Young Rice, Sherwood Anderson, and Struthers Burt.

The Editors of the newly organized French Book Club announce that André Maurois, the Comtesse de Chambrun, née Longworth, and Abbé Ernest Dimnet will constitute their selecting committee. The first book will be announced and delivered in the first week of November.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Biography

THE MYSTERIOUS MADAME: HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY. By C. E. BECHOFER-ROBERTS. Brewer & Warren. 1931. $3.50.

It is fitting that the centenary of Madame Blavatsky's birth should be celebrated by an authentic biography of that remarkable woman—though hardly one of which she herself would have approved. During her lifetime she gave the world a number of highly romantic (and mutually inconsistent) accounts of her career, all of them, however, mentioning two early trips to India which she probably never took, study in a Tibetan monastery, which she certainly never enjoyed, and meetings with Mahatmas who never existed. The repeated exposures of her charlatanism were regarded by her followers as the customary persecution of the righteous, and in their eyes she lived and died a martyr to her religion. The truth, now first fully set forth by Mr. Bechofer-Roberts in an intensely interesting biography, was very different from this orthodox account.

Of aristocratic birth, wayward in childhood and reckless in youth, early married to a Russian general whom she almost immediately deserted, Helena Blavatsky passed those years when she was supposed to be studying theosophy at the feet of Hindu sages as the mistress first of an opera singer named Metrovich and then of the Baron Nicholas Meyendorff, by one or other of whom she had an illegitimate child; initiated by Meyendorff, an ardent spiritualist and friend of D. D. Home, in the mysteries of his religion, she became a medium, and it was as a devotee of spiritualism that she came to America in 1873 and captured the credulous Colonel Olcott as her press agent. Finding that spiritualism was not a going concern, she soon abandoned it, and with Olcott's aid organized the Theosophical Society for the study of Egyptian mysticism, gradually altered into a study of Hindu mysticism. Her spiritual "control," John King, became a "Master of Luxor," and eventually bifurcated into the two Mahatmas, Morya and Koot Hoomi, Hindu rishis of the Himalayas, by whose magical aid she claimed to perform all sorts of prestidigitory marvels. The Theosophical Society failing to prosper and her two volume mélange of plagiarisms, "Isis Unveiled," falling dead from the press, she and Olcott sailed for India in 1878. There they built up a considerable following until in 1885 an investigator of the Society for Psychical Research proved that Madame Blavatsky was guilty of habitual fraud and trickery. Ill and discredited, she returned to Europe to take up her weary fight alone—and within five years she had gained a larger following than ever! Indomitable in courage, a shrewd judge of human psychology, utterly devoid of the snuffling sanctimoniousness that usually goes with the pseudo-mystic type, she was an impressive old humbug who had come to believe her own cock-and-bull stories, and, appealing to men's ineradicable love of magic, did not appeal in vain.

OKLAHOMA CITY'S YOUNGER LEADERS. By *Rex Harlow*. Oklahoma City: Rex Publishing Co.

OVER FAMOUS THRESHOLDS. By *Ariadne Gilbert*. Century. $2.

WITH BOB DAVIS HITHER AND YON. By *Robert H. Davis*. Appleton. $2.

CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY. By *Howard Charles Robbins*. Harpers. $2.50.

THE STRANGE CAREER OF MR. HOOVER. By *John Hamill*. Faro. $3.75.

BODYGUARD UNSEEN. By *Vincenzo d'Aquila*. Smith. $2.50.

THE MAD MONK. By *R. T. M. Scott*. Kendall. $2.

I TELL EVERYTHING. By *Edward Holton James*. Geneva, Switzerland: Kundig.

Fiction

CANE JUICE. By JOHN EARLE UHLER. Century. 1931. $2.50.

Mr. Uhler chooses an interesting theme in a picturesque setting. The story of a 'Cajun boy in the Louisiana sugar cane country who is fired to devote his life to research and save the planters from impending ruin is one which has possibilities. In Mr. Uhler's hands the tale of young Couvillon becomes primarily a cheap novel of undergraduate rowdyism at Louisiana State University, with football heroics, much drinking, and such stuff. The crude figure of the young 'Cajun does leave some sense of dignity and strength but this is but a faint impression in a welter of tawdriness. The university authorities have made an issue of "Cane Justice," by discharging Professor Uhler for misrepresenting his university.

Miscellaneous

NUDISM IN MODERN LIFE. By MAURICE PARMELEE. Knopf. 1931. $3.

This is the revised edition of a first-hand experience with the gymnosophist cult in Germany which not only describes the characteristic life of a nudist health and recreation community but goes pretty thoroughly into the hygiene and philosophy of the custom. It is the most satisfactory account of this interesting movement which has appeared, and is abundantly illustrated with pictures, some of which are more convincing than others.

THE GLASGOW UNIVERSITY PRESS. Glasgow: Macklehose.

PILOTING MODERN YOUTH. By *William S. Sadler, M.D.* Funk & Wagnalls $3.50.

CONFESSIONS OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU. Everyman's Library. Dutton. 2 vols. 90 cents each.

THE BALTIC STATES. By *Heze Spaull*. Macmillan. $1.

ARABIA. By *Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah*. Macmillan. $1.

MEMO—GO FISHING. By *Bob Becker*. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.

LABOR AGREEMENTS IN COAL MINES. By *Louis Bloch*. Russell Sage Foundation. $2.

A JEW SPEAKS. By *Ludwig Lewisohn*. Edited by *James Waterman Wise*. Harpers. $2.50.

HENLEY'S TWENTIETH CENTURY BOOK of Ten Thousand Recipes, Formulas, and Processes, Edited by *Gardner D. Hiscox*. Norman W. Henley. $4.

GREAT STORMS. By *L. G. Carr Laughton* and *V. Heddon*. Payson. $1.25.

THE CRUISE OF THE ALERTE. By *E. F. Knight*. Payson. $1.25.

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THE CASE AGAINST BIRTH CONTROL. By *E. Roberts Moore*. Century. $2.50.

THE UNION OF SOULS. By *H. I. H. Alexander of Russia*. Roerich Museum Press.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE PRINTED MAPS OF MICHIGAN. By *Louis C. Karpinski*. Michigan Historical Sommission.

HEALTH THROUGH WILL POWER. By *James J. Walsh*. Stratford. $2.

WHY BE AFRAID? By *Leon Mones*. Stratford. $1.

Poetry

THE POEMS OF CATULLUS. Translated by HORACE GREGORY. With drawings by ZHENYA GAY. Covici-Friede. 1931. $5.

The Latin text in this volume is handsomely printed, accompanied by what is less a translation than a paraphrase, and one which is not likely to appeal to those who know and love the original. Mr. Gregory, despairing of doing justice to the directness of Catullus's lyrics by the use of conventional English meters has preferred to render them into free verse, unrhymed. But he abandons the chance thus gained of greater fidelity to the original meaning by a gratuitous departure from the literal sense offensive to those who read the Latin and misleading to those who do not. A single example will show the kind of liberty taken. The line

tota domus gaudet regali splendido gaza

("The whole gorgeous house rejoices with royal treasure") is turned into "The entire house sways drunken with its splendor, echoing laughter from divine lips breaking." This is neither what Catullus wrote nor what he had in mind, and what has been gained by the change? It must be remarked, also, that the objection to conventional translation whatever its pertinence in the case of the short poems, is by no means valid in the case of the long ones. "The Lock of Berenice," for example, was itself a translation from the Greek and, so far as we can judge by the fragments of Callimachus, the merit of simplicity lay rather with the original. To assume that this experiment in versification should be treated like the brief intensity of the love poems is to misunderstand the poet. In spite of the book's sumptuous appearance neither text nor translation is entirely free from misprints.

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BOOKS OF THE FALL, II.

By AMY LOVEMAN

WE return to our muttons. And not till we had written the sentence, and moved by a sudden desire to know the source of so familiar a quotation had looked it up in Brewer, did we remember that Harcourt, Brace had recently published what will in all probability remain for many years to come the definite edition of the works of Rabelais. It is edited by Albert Jay Nock and Catherine Rose Wilson, is in two handsome volumes, and represents a painstaking and mellow scholarship and the work of years. It should be an addition to any "gentleman's library."

Rabelais is not the only great Frenchman to receive attention this season, for there is a life also of Jean Jacques Rousseau, written by Matthew Josephson, and published likewise by Harcourt, Brace. We have an idea (probably the whole world has it with us) that the rereading of Rousseau's works in the light of present-day psycho-analytical study and general educational theory might yield some interesting results, and if only we didn't have to immerse ourselves so completely in the flood of current publications we might go back to some of the robustly bound French volumes which have slumbered on our shelves since our college days. But, alas! the present calls. Instead of Rousseau we've been reading "The Life and Letters of Edmund Gosse" (Harpers)—and very delightful letters they are, too, written with unfailing suavity and grace, and, too, with meticulous care, and constituting a veritable 'Who Was Who" of late nineteenth century England—; "Companions on the Trail" (Macmillan), by Hamlin Garland, which is as full of names of American notabilities as Gosse's book is of those of English personalities; "The Correspondence of Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw" (Putnam's), an interchange of epistles which, though disavowed as love letters, are couched in all the language of passion, and intersperse their extensive discussion of matters theatrical with intimate passages: "The Life of Ibsen," by Haldvan Koht (Norton), "The Diary of Madame d'Arblay" (Dutton), edited by Muriel Masefield, compiled from the extensive journals of Fanny Burney, incredibly fresh and vivacious after all the years since their writing, and an almost irresistible invitation to the perusal of "Evelina"; and, finally, "The Great Physician" (Oxford University Press), by Edith Gittings, a life, of course, of Dr. Osler. We've been dipping, too, into Clara Clemens's "My Father, Mark Twain" (Harpers), "The Inky Way" (Putnam), by Mrs. C. M. Williamson of "Lightning Conductor" fame, a lively volume full of snapshots of noted figures, and Lizette Woodworth Reese's "The York Road" (Farrar & Rinehart), further recollections of a youth passed near Baltimore. There! We're afraid we're out of bounds again. Perhaps Miss Reese's book isn't released, as certainly William McFee's "Harbourmaster" (Doubleday, Doran) of which we wrote last week wasn't. We read the last-named book in manuscript form, and though the publisher told us it was to be postponed until January, forgot all about it when the full-grown volume came along. Our profoundest apologies.

We suppose, since we are on the subject of biography, we might as well finish off the list now instead of coming back to it later by mentioning such books as "The Great Mouthpiece" (Covici-Friede), by Gene Fowler, the life of William J. Fallon, a criminal lawyer of New York, the recounting of which naturally introduces much sensational material; Stuart W. Lake's "Wyatt Earp" (Houghton Mifflin), the biography of a frontier marshal which is virtually a chronicle of the West; Robert P. Tristram Coffin's "Portrait of an American" (Macmillan), of which the background is Maine; two lives of one of the greatest of the explorers of America, La Salle, the first by Leo V. Jacks (Scribners), and the second, entitled "The Fatal River" (Holt), by Frances Gaither, and, to swing back to the makers of literature, George R. Stewart, Jr.'s "Bret Harte: Argonaut and Exile; Memories of Yesterday" (Lippincott), by Isabella M. Alden, known to thousands of woman readers as "Pansy," and Gertrude Atherton's forthcoming "Adventures of a Novelist" (Liveright). Robert E. Spiller has written a life of James Fenimore Cooper (Minton Balch) which is a study of the novelist as critic of his time, John Drinkwater has produced his autobiography under the title "Inheritance" (Holt), and Ford Madox Ford sets forth his recollections in "Return to Yesterday" (Liveright). Under the arresting title of "A Season in Hell" (Macaulay) Jean Marie Arré has written a life of Arthur Rimbaud. There's a life of Richard Wagner (Norton), by Paul Bekker, and a volume entitled "From Bach to Stravinsky" (Norton), by David Ewen; a collection of the letters of the composer Puccini (Lippincott), edited by Giuseppi Adami; "Chopin: Collected Letters" (Knopf), edited by Henrik Opienski, and a volume entitled "Sergei Koussevitzky and His Epoch," by Arthur Lourié. That reminds us (simply because Alfred A. Knopf is their publisher) that we have as yet made no mention of two of the most colorful works of the season—autobiographies both of them, "Living My Life," by Emma Goldman, and "Memoirs of a Polyglot," by William Gerhardi. Miss Goldman, to the extent of two large volumes, recounts the events of a turbulent existence, setting forth her social philosophy in the course of her narrative, and throwing America as well as herself into relief in it. Mr. Gerhardi's book about himself is an enormously egotistical volume, but one full of vivid characterizations and lively, if impertinent, comment. It will variously irritate and amuse its readers, according to their temperaments. Finally, before we leave the subject of biography, we want to call attention to a book which Macmillan is to issue before long. It is Henri Fauconnier's "Malaisie," which in the original French won the Goncourt Prize. This record of a French civil servant in Malay has the color, the dramatic quality, and the interest in character of a novel. Indeed, it is a fascinating story, if as story it may be regarded.

And so, by way of a book that is difficult to distinguish from romance, we slide back to the fiction list which we left incompleted. We'll resume it by enumerating some volumes of short stories. First of all there are the compendiums, "The Best Short Stories of 1931," "The Best British Short Stories of 1931," both edited by Edward J. O'Brien and published by Dodd, Mead, and "The Omnibus of Romance" (Dodd, Mead), by John Grove. Then there are the new volume in which the powerful, if macabre, art of William Faulkner has play—"These Thirteen" (Cape-Smith), and "Guests of the Nation" (Macmillan), by Frank O'Connor, a collection of tales with an Irish background which reveal a fresh and interesting gift for writing. Mention should be made, too, of Ben Hecht's "The Champion from Far Away" (Covici-Friede), Dorothy Canfield's "Basque People" (Harcourt, Brace), and Damon Runyon's "Guys and Dolls" (Stokes), to which anyone who is curious about Broadway slang should turn at once.

Broadway slang—slang of any sort, to cast no aspersions upon a particular street—puts us in mind of thugs, and they in turn suggest to us crime, and crime, it goes without saying, spells detective stories. As usual there is a long array of mystery tales on which to draw; from them we select the following partly as a result of our own reading and partly after studying their jackets: "Suspicious Characters" (Brewer, Warren & Putnam); "Vanderlyn's Adventure" (Cape-Smith), by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes (we wish we had time to read it, for Mrs. Lowndes is always good); "Dead Man Inside" (and a grand title it is), by Vincent Starrett (Doubleday, Doran), "Mystery in the English Channel" (Harpers), by Freeman Wills Crofts; "The Boathouse Riddle" (Little, Brown), by J. J. Connington; "Murder in the Cellar" (Morrow), by Louise Eppley and Rebecca Gayton; "Murder in Four Degrees" (Knopf), by J. S. Fletcher; "The Shadowed Fool" (Smith), by Henry James Forman; "The Dutch Show Mystery" (Stokes), by Ellery Queen; "The Murder at Hazlemoor" (Dodd, Mead), by Agatha Christie, and "Pontifex, Son & Thorndyke" (Dodd, Mead), by J. Austin Freeman.

If we didn't mention Sigrid Undset's "Wild Orchid" (Knopf) before when we were talking of translations we certainly ought to have done so, and do so now with the statement that unlike the books which preceded it this is a novel of present-day life. There is to be a sequel to this tale.

And now, when we shall have mentioned George S. Hellman's "Peacock's Feather" (Bobbs-Merrill), William Fitzgerald's "The Old Crowd" (Longmans, Green), Elizabeth Bowen's "Friends and Relatives" (Dial), William M. John's "Every Wise Woman" (Sears), Upton Sinclair's "The Wet Parade" (Farrar & Rinehart), W. R. Burnett's "The Silver Eagle" (Dial), and Floyd Dell's "Love without Money" (Farrar & Rinehart), we shall consider ourselves finally quit of fiction. So on to history, a small group, but one that contains "The Fiery Epoch" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Charles Willis Thompson; "The Epic of America" (Little, Brown), by James Truslow Adams, a fascinating survey of American history from its beginning to the present day; W. J. Ghent's "The Early Far West" (Longmans, Green), and, to flit nonchalantly from one age and one continent to another, Grant Showerman's "Rome and the Romans" (Macmillan). Bobbs-Merrill has issued a volume that has a rather unusual interest in that it gathers together recollections of plantation negroes of Civil War days. "Old Massa's People," as Mr. Orland Kay Armstrong calls his book, presents material which the passage of but a few more years would make it impossible to procure, and interesting material it is.

There are vivid byways that the lover of history can follow in Alvin F. Harlow's "Old Bowery Days" (Appleton) and "The Big Bonanza" (Bobbs-Merrill), under which title C. B. Glasscock has traced the spectacular career of the Comstock Lode, or if he would read not of his own America but of foreign lands he can find satisfying works in Paul Cohen-Portheim's "England, the Unknown Isle" (Dutton), G. J. Renier's "The English: Are They Human?" (Cape-Smith), Karl Silex's "John Bull at Home" (Harcourt, Brace), Waldo Frank's "America Hispaña" (Scribners), Sherwood Eddy's "The Challenge of the East" (Farrar & Rinehart), and Count Carlo Sforza's "European Dictatorships" (Brentanos).

Russia still bulks so large in the interest of the writing fraternity (and we take it they are a good index to the taste of the general public) that we have decided to give that state a paragraph quite to itself. If you would first build up a background for yourself before you begin to read of present-day Russia there's M. R. Pokrovsky's "History of Russia" (International) to be had and Emma Cochran Pompadine's "Russia—My Home" (Bobbs-Merrill) to show you what life in the Czarist Empire was like. Then there's Gleb Botkin's "The Real Romanovs" (Revell), from which you can get an idea of how their rulers appeared to those who were in contact with them, and "The Kinsmen Know How to Die" (Morrow), by Sophie Botscharsky and Florida Pier, which depicts from the angle of a Red Cross nurse the manner in which troubled Russia conducted itself in war. And if you would get an insight into present-day Russia, Liam O'Flaherty's "I Went to Russia" (Harcourt, Brace) ought to help you to the knowledge you desire as Margaret Bourke White's "Eyes on Russia" (Simon & Schuster), with its magnificent photographs, ought further to do. As to some of the ramifications of Soviet policy you can find out about them in Victor A. Yakhontoff's "Russia and the Soviet Union in the Far East" (Coward-McCann). If, finally, for good measure you'd like to read a Russian novel take Leonid Leonov's "The Thief" (Dial) or, to go back to a classic, Tolstoy's "Peace and War," which the Modern Library has just issued as one of its new Giant series.

And now, heaven be praised, we are on our last lap, and as we look over the list of titles we wish to include in it we discover that most of them tell their own tale and require no elucidation from us. They include, for instance, "Philosophy and Civilization" (Minton, Balch), by John Dewey, "Graft in Business" (Vanguard), by John T. Flynn, and "On Understanding Women" (Longmans, Green), by Mary R. Beard, a study of woman's place in history. And now we see that perhaps after all we'll have to do some commenting else otherwise you might not know that Russell Lord's "Men of Earth" (Longmans, Green) is a discussion of the American farmer based upon the experience of forty men and women, or that Vance Randolph's "The Ozarks" (Vanguard), is an investigation into an American survival of primitive society, or that Ernest Gruening's "The Public Pays" (Vanguard) is a study of power propaganda. "Pegasus Perplexing" (Viking), by Le Baron Russell Briggs, as all readers of the *Saturday Review* know, is a volume of charades, and "The New Believe It or Not" (Simon & Schuster) is like Robert L. Ripley's earlier book of the kind, a collection of amazing bits of information.

In our effort to make haste we almost skipped entirely the list of books in the field of *belles lettres* to which we wished to call attention. And it would have been a pity to have done so since it contains such volumes as Simeon Strunsky's "The Rediscovery of Jones" (Little, Brown), Ernest Rhys's "Everyman Remembers" (Farrar & Rinehart), Agnes Repplier's "Times and Tendencies" (Houghton Mifflin), Sherwood Anderson's "Perhaps Women" (Liveright), "The Gardiners Friend and Other Pests" (Stokes), by George S. Chappell and Ridgely Hunt, "Joel Chandler Harris" (University of North Carolina), edited by Julia Collier Harris, and "The Tempo of Modern Life" (Boni), by James Truslow Adams.

In the nick of time we have remembered not to forget that Esmé Wingfield-Stratford's "They That Take the Sword" (Morrow), a survey of the war spirit through the ages, is a book full of meat, and that in "Cold" (Brewer, Warren, & Putnam) Larry Gould, scientist of the Byrd expedition, recounts experiences in the Antarctic.

We are done, until the Christmas list descends upon us. "For this relief much thanks."

JOHN MISTLETOE
arrives in London...

Readers of *The Saturday Review* are to be congratulated. JOHN MISTLETOE, parts of which were first read with enthusiasm in these pages, has now arrived in England to the tune of such words as these:

"What a charming, friendly, modest companionable book this is!"—*News Chronicle*

"A pleasant anthology of experience, unified by a consistent enthusiasm."—*Times*

"A book of beauty with Bacon's element of strangeness, and surprising and sufficing!"—*Morning Post*

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

In quiries in regard to books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

E. T. C., Council Bluffs, Iowa, needs a book that will enable one to tell the nationality of names from the suffixes; e. g., to identify names ending in -dorf, -torf, or -storf.

HOORAY, here is a chance once more to boost my favorite fireside author, Ernest Weekley; time was when a client of this column wrote in to ask if I were feeling quite well, as I had let three months go by without mentioning "Weekley's Etymological Dictionary" (Dutton). I could not properly reply to this inquiry without calling attention to his "The Romance of Names" (Dutton) and "Surnames" (Dutton), two of the nice long lists of books about words with which this authority has added much to the information and not a little to the gayety of English-speaking nations. The latest, by the way, is "Cruelty to Words" (Dutton), which I see by the papers has been getting general editorial comment. He is also responsible for one of the most snappy of the "To-day and To-morrow Series," the vivacious "Saxo-Grammaticus: or, First Aid to the Best-Seller" (Kegan Paul). One who doubts the human fascination of words as a subject of research should look at the number of printings through which each of his books has gone; even through the Great War people went on reading them.

E. N. J., Santa Maria, Cal., needs a book on investment problems, written from the layman's point of view, which "would help one to talk with more or less understanding of the subject." The quoted words take some of the strain off this selection. I would hate to think anyone were going into the stock market this year on advice I might thus indirectly provide, but one could undoubtedly talk, or listen, more intelligently on the subject if he had read "How to Spend Your Money," by Ernest McCullough (Cape-Smith). This is the simplest and least technical guide of this sort that I have seen; it is a statement of principles for spending money to enjoy life, which naturally involves spending some of it in investments; it reads gracefully and makes its points without flourish. I even like the title, which might have been the less welcome "How to Save Your Money" for the same text. In short, it gives a certain geniality to thrift, of all virtues the most praised and the least loved.

Mr. Purd Wright, of the Kansas City Public Library, sends this important note for *L. M., Muscatine, Iowa*, who is interested in old cattle brands:

> The Little Gem Branch Book/(Continuation of Big Four Brand Book)/For the spring work of 1900./Vol. 1, no. 1, 1900/Contains brands of cattle and horses of the range district of/North and South Dakota, Montana, and Wyoming/(where the/water runs east)/Northeast Colorado, and Nebraska.
>
> The only Open Branch Book where the ear marks are shown/on the cut of the Cattle, and the only one that will receive any/or all brands./Controlled by no Association or State/Made Exclusively for Ranch Work./Established in 1879. Copyrighted in 1900./Published by the Litttle Gem Brand Book Company./Kansas City, Mo.

Out of print, but may now and then be picked up. . . . "Heraldry of the Plains," an interesting article on cattle brands in *McClure's Magazine* for July, 1894.

The list of letters-by-all-means-to-be-read keeps growing; *H. S. S., Pleasantville, Pa.*, says that those of Fanny Kemble, read twenty-five years ago, started her on a career of letter-reading: there are three fat volumes, "Records of a Girlhood," "Records of Later Life," and "Further Records" (Holt: 1880, 1882, 1892). Though out of print, they are in many libraries. "Even Jane Carlyle cannot excel Fanny, but then, Fanny did not have neuralgia *and* Thomas to contend with," says she.

R. F., Rahway, N. J., asks what house publishes some of Shakespeare's works in the language commonly known as Pennsylvania Dutch. "I have heard quotations from Hamlet," he says, "in this quaint tongue and was told that this and other of the classics had been thus translated and were available in book form." This can be no other than "Die Schönste Lengevitch," by Kurt Stein, published by Covici in 1925. This is composed of hilarious examples of Americo-German, a "lengevitch" which the author was moved to preserve upon hearing the order of a housewife for "a couplt pounts ten penny naigels and a roll vire for die chicken coop zu fixen," the point being that the lady had no intention of speaking English at the time. Myself, I do not think this specimen so fine as one I have treasured since the first day I went to housekeeping in New York City: in the flat overhead was a warm-hearted and experienced housewife who saw, on passing our open door, that I was struggling with a curtain far too high for me. "Minnie," she called to her German handmaiden above, "gehen Sie in die Küche und bringen Sie die step-ladder für die lady von down-stairs."

"Die Schönste Lengevitch" has not only a version of Hamlet, but interpretations of Faust, Tristan, Aida, Lohengrin, and other classics. The same author's "Gemixte Pickles" was published by Covici in 1927.

A. D. S., Logansport, Indiana, has a study club devoting its season to the French Renaissance, and now looking for biographies of Anne of Brittany, Diane de Poitiers, Henry of Navarre, Rabelais, Villon, and Calvin. These should be in print in this country. I can find only Helen Sanborn's "Anne of Brittany" (Lothrop: 1917) for the sponsor of the famous *Livre d'heures*, and this book has been for some time out of print; perhaps someone will tell me of a history of the period or some other work in which she figures conspicuously. But all the others have recently had their chance at revival as the result of the late tidal wave of biography. Henry Quatre, for example, no one had tackled in English for years until in 1930 Henry Dwight Sedgwick gave him treatment at once scholarly, sympathetic, and piquant, in "Henry of Navarre" (Bobbs-Merrill). I wonder Henry IV was so long neglected; he was such a handy and hearty letter-writer. There has been a rush of Rabelais after years when all we had in English was a fine lecture published in book-form, Anatole France's "Rabelais" (Holt); now within the year we have had: "François Rabelais: a Spiritual Biography," by Samuel Putnam (Cape-Smith); "Francis Rabelais, the Man and His Work," by A. J. Nock and C. R. Wilson (Harper); and the large and probably definitive "Life of François Rabelais," translated from the French of Jean Plattard (Knopf), besides a two-volume, fifteen-dollar edition of the Urquhart-Motteux translation of his complete works (Harcourt, Brace). Villon has never had to suffer from our neglect, but he has figured more often in our fiction and drama than in biography—for instance, he is the hero this year of a romance for girls, "Vagabond's Ward," by Marjorie Prevost (Harper)—and it was good to get D. B. Wyndham-Lewis's "François Villon" (Coward-McCann) a couple of years ago, followed by his "King Spider" (Coward-McCann) that utilized the bits left over from the first biography. There are two recent lives of Diane de Poitiers; the first was Helen Henderson's "The Enchantress: Being the life of Diane de Poytiers, Mistress of King Henry II of France" (Houghton Mifflin). I prefer this to "The Moon Mistress," by Jehanne d'Orliac (Lippincott), because, though sympathetic, it is less concerned with making out a good case for her. Both these books give a sweeping survey of the time, and either leads into Paul Van Dyke's grand "Catherine de Medici" (Scribner). Calvin has come to life twice within the twelve-month: Georgia E. Harkness's "John Calvin: the Man and His Ethics" (Holt), and "John Calvin: a Study in French Humanism," by Quirinus Breen (Eerdmans). Each of these takes his life and work in relation to his times, the former makes clear what part his thought and his character took in the processes and results of the Reformation.

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. . . . *four little words made him famous*

Believe it or not, *the New Believe It Or Not Book* is actually published TO-DAY.

RIPLEY'S second volume has been a long time coming, chiefly because this modern Marco Polo [with proofs!] insisted on making it even better than the first.

It is.

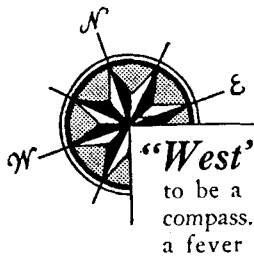
From page one, on which RIP portrays the Queen of the Berbers, who had a harem of 400 husbands, to page 209, which explains why JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, the author of "Home Sweet Home," never had a home, this second series teems with unique and fantastic incredibilities. In the words of WILLIAM BOLITHO, " . . . until the paper crumbles and the strings wear out, it will automatically make the eye stop and the hand reach out."

The razor edge of RIPLEY'S inspired curiosity—a passion which won for him, from the elect, comparisons with Pliny, with Poe, with Herodotus, with all the far-flung explorers and ransackers of the cosmos—has not been blunted by his new and Ripleyesque renown. If anything, it has been sharpened by his millions of readers, his millions of fan letters, his millions of dollars. Since 1929, when the first book was published, RIP has travelled 50,000 miles through thirty-nine different countries (making a new high of 122 countries visited) amassing new material—recording it, verifying it, immortalizing it in prose and picture.

On page 40, you will encounter ASUR-BANI-PAL, who was 75 times as rich as HENRY FORD . . . on page 63, you will learn how J. OGDEN ARMOUR lost a million dollars a day for 130 consecutive days . . . on page 161 you will discover how all the people on earth could be placed in a half-mile cube . . . on page 201 you will behold MULAI ISMAIL, the father of 888 children (count them, 888, no more, no less), every one of whom was a royal prince . . . but reason totters at the thought of quoting from an Odyssey so overflowing with oddities.

The mere possibility recalls the plight of the famous German monomaniac, LEUBEN, of Bremen, whose *idée fixe* was the law concerning hazards. He bet that he could turn up a pack of cards in a certain order. *He turned the cards for ten hours a day for twenty years—exactly* 4,246,028 *times before he succeeded.* Can you imagine Herr Leuben's thrill at the 4,246,028*th* time? That's approximately the way *The Inner Sanctum* feels, now that the most postponed book of modern times, the eighth wonder of the world, that Himalayan paradox of publishing, *the New Believe It Or Not* is actually here!

ESSANDESS.



"West" . . . it used to be a point of the compass. Now it was a fever driving the people of the seventeen states into the country of the Ohio. John Bray, one-time preacher, and Clarissa, runaway girl with a price on her head, rode westward—to romance, to adventure, to witness the building of a nation. $2.50

ALL YE PEOPLE

By Merle Colby

THE VIKING PRESS

The PHŒNIX NEST

ANENT a recent mention of ours of a famous poem by *Langdon Smith, Robert Emmet MacAlarney* has this to say, and we print his communique in full because it is so interesting a letter:

> The Phœnician, bless his artless soul, refers to "When You Were a Tadpole," etc. Of course, its actual title is "Evolution." And I arise and bay the memory moon when the before-mentioned Phœnician avers, "Very few people (he *might* have said persons) remember who wrote it." This I repel, *con amore.*
>
> No newspaperman, or his sisters, and his cousins and his aunts (they be legion) fails to recall the author. We have claimed that poem as our own ever since it was writ, and there be many of us who clacked typewriters in Park Row during the fading 'nineties; we still endure.
>
> Langdon Smith was a Park Row Titan. He had been a telegraph operator in the west when a sudden Sioux, or Apache, war blazed up and he sent the news dispatches of the hurriedly flung correspondents. As he ticked away at his key it occurred to him that he could do this sort of writing. So he decided to have a shot at it, and he was a success from the outset of his journalistic career—and how he would frown at that word "journalistic." Handsome, and broad-shouldered, with an aura of camaraderie that was not acting; a reportorial eye which meshed with a selective brain; a "star" who was never too busy, or too upstage, to advise and help the lowliest cub; too great a reporter to be cynical (no great reporter is) and too wise to be utterly clever . . . that was Langdon Smith. Every "star" of today owes him the recognition of a pioneer, for it was Smith who first laid down the Homeric simile barrage when describing events' pageantry. Dig into the ancient Hearst shop files for corroboration. The poem The Phœnician mentions was written in gobbets. The first dozen stanzas were "filler" matter on a Want Ad page. They caught the public fancy, and, reluctantly, and at the urging of his friends, the author eked out the complete version, cobbling stanzas, and inserting others. It became, almost overnight, Langdon Smith's One Poem, and we newspapermen were proud of him, and it. We still are. Can't we recite it, in 1931? Listen:
>
> *But that was a million years ago,*
> *In a time that no man knows;*
> *Yet here tonight in the mellow light*
> *We sit at Delmonico's. . . .*
>
> *Then as we linger at luncheon here,*
> *O'er many a dainty dish,*
> *Let us drink anew to the time when you*
> *Were a Tadpole and I was a Fish.*
>
> Ask us to do it—and we can recite it all. Kipling never did anything better, and recall, please, that this was written before Kipling had infected a few million American writers. When Smith died his friends had the poem printed in a slender volume with far too many, and too erudite, annotations which expounded the geology that motivated the verses. The author would have frowned at this also. But no matter . . . his poem will live.
>
> I can hear Langdon Smith's voice now, see his blue eyes and friendly smile. Along with a shoal of other more or less inept cubs I admired him, and tagged after him on assignments. He didn't swank, and didn't boast. He held the code of a much misunderstood profession high. And when he covered his last "story" a bit of our hearts went with him.
>
> Thank your stout Phœnician for stirring the glowing embers of recollection.

Well, speaking of newspaper work, *Vernon McKenzie,* Dean of the School of Journalism of the University of Washington, has just edited with an introduction and biographical notes a volume of "Journalistic Adventures of Today," called "Behind the Headlines," which Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith are publishing and which contains the testimony of fourteen reporters concerning the news-stories they trailed. We dipped into it and were held spellbound by the feats of *A. B. MacDonald, Jim Mulroy,* and *Marie Newberger,* to mention but three of the stories. . . .

Which naturally bears on the detection of crime and permits us to say in passing that the same firm is lucky enough to have a new thriller by *Mrs. Belloc Lowndes,* "Vanderlyn's Adventure." When you sink down into the evening sofa with a new mystery by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes you can be sure of getting your money's worth. . . .

We hope that all our readers took particular note of *Willa Cather's* letter to *Governor Cross* in our last week's issue on page 216. Though we ourself should say it, it struck us as one of the most interesting explanations of a literary method and of the development of a particular book that we have ever read. It dealt, of course, with "Shadows on the Rock," Miss Cather's latest volume. If you missed her communication you really oughtn't to! . . .

Opportunity, the Journal of Negro Life, announces that a prize of $100 will be offered for the best short story or essay of Negro life of 5,000 words or less, written by a Negro. The donor desires to remain anonymous. The contest will close December 31st. Inquiries should be addressed to the Editor, *OPPORTUNITY,* Journal of Negro Life, 1133 Broadway. . . .

The American poet *George O'Neil* has, as have so many, been fascinated by the life of *Keats,* and in his own case, he has written a novel based on the life. It is called "Special Hunger" and was recently brought out by Horace Liveright. On the flyleaf of his novel O'Neil makes use of a quotation from *Einstein* which is certainly most striking and most needed in this materialistic age:

> The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the source of all true art and science. He to whom this emotion is a stranger, who can no longer pause to wonder and stand rapt in awe, is as good as dead; his eyes are closed.

About a week ago we attended at the St. Moritz Hotel a most pleasant party for *Carveth Wells,* tendered him by his publishers, the John Day Company. Wells showed part of his motion picture "Hell Below Zero." His new book, "Adventure" deals with a good deal of the globe where he has ferreted out and observed remarkable facts that many of his auditors long took for tall stories. They are not, for Wells is accurate. The other night a few of us were speaking of the lemmings, those strange little animals which make periodic migrations and end by drowning by hundreds, if not thousands, in the sea. They were supposed to be searching for Lost Atlantis led by a persistent and uncontrollable instinct. Well, Carveth Wells has actually witnessed such a migration. Hear him say a few words about it:

> Next day, as our journey continued, we came upon a sight I shall never forget. Lemmings were everywhere. They covered a strip of Lapland at least twenty miles wide. There must have been at least some three hundred millions in all. (*And we just spoke of hundreds and thousands!*) I had always pictured a lemming migration as a vast swarm of animals packed closely together. Instead I found that each claimed as its preserve an area measuring about ten feet by ten. Left alone, the animal would remain motionless, except for the movement of the jaws while eating. But as there was constant trespassing, and since a lemming has a highly developed sense of proprietorship, there were always plenty of fights. . . . Every Lapp or Swedish student will tell you that at the end of a migration not a single lemming will be seen for many years until suddenly millions of them appear again, seemingly from nowhere.

That's the kind of thing that might be, if it is not, incorporated into *Charles Fort's* most strange book "Lo!" in which he describes so many mysterious and miraculous phenomena. . . .

The Macmillan Company recently sent a sample jacket for "The Story of English Literature" to the author, *Edmund Kemper Broadus,* before the book itself was ready. Dr. Broadus's reply was prompt:

Triolet

(With apologies to Austin Dobson)

I intended a book
But it turned to a jacket.
It seems I mistook;
I intended a book;
But how odd it does look
For the jacket to lack it!
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But it turned to a jacket!
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Gilbert M. Troxell, who has been for some years a joint-editor of The Compleat Collector, has been forced, by his increasing duties in the Yale Library, to relinquish his share in this department. We are glad to say, however, that he will continue his expert reviewing in special fields, especially in bibliography. He will be succeeded by John T. Winterich whose books and periodical contributions upon rare books and book collecting are well and favorably known. His "A Primer of Book Collecting" was published in 1927, his "Collector's Choice," in 1928, his "Books and the Man," in 1929. The Editors of THE SATURDAY REVIEW *are glad to avail themselves of his critical ability and his wide knowledge of books and book collecting.*

While You Wait—

WHETHER he likes it or not, A. A. Milne stands well toward the forefront among contemporary collected English authors. The demand for his first editions converges on "When We Were Very Young" and its successors in kind, diminuendo; the first and greatest unit in the series already enjoys a réclame for which such comparable items as "A Child's Garden of Verses" and "Songs of Childhood" had to wait many arid years.

Some authors doubtless regard it as very, very good to be collected before the termination of their floruits; others must find it horrid. This assumption is ventured in admitted ignorance of how Mr. Milne views the business. From such casual data as I can recall—and even better from the very lack of data—I surmise that he is moved to eloquence or anger in neither direction, but surveys the phenomenon with that tolerance and complacency which are the only sensible emotions to display in the face of anything that cannot be helped. What Mr. Milne thinks of the manifestation, however (or what Mr. Galsworthy, or Mr. Hemingway, or Mr. Faulkner), is of far less moment, so far as the consequences to collector, reader, and bookseller are concerned, than what the publisher of a collected author thinks of it.

Now the fact that a living author is a collected author properly bespeaks, to the publisher, an agreeable access of prestige—a quality known technically as gravy, velvet, lagniappe, or Something on a Platter. Collectability connotes a preview of immortality, a discounting (sometimes at a lively premium) of the verdict of posterity, the sign-manual of arrival, the hallmark of acceptance, the rearing of a pedestal freshly but, so far as the transient eye can detect, permanently occupied. All of this signalizes, or ought to signalize, an immediate repercussion in the sale of new books from the collected author, not to collectors alone (save the mark) but to those persistent or intermittent buyers who, though unregardful of printing sequences, nevertheless can detect the glint of authentic star-dust.

For the publisher, directly or indirectly, to capitalize the collecting interest is wholly legitimate, within bounds. But the game can become like any other in which there are no ground rules and no umpires—like some of the catch-as-catch-can bibliography of recent years. And in capitalizing the collecting interest, who is going to set the bounds? An interesting but rather disheartening result of the lack became available in the recent announcement by E. P. Dutton & Co. of Mr. Milne's new novel, "Two People." "Order your first edition now," urged the announcement, explaining that the book was "to be published simultaneously in England and America on October 9th." This Publisher's Note was appended: "First editions of all Mr. Milne's previous books are collectors' items."

This announcement, to my mind, is at best a model of inspired insipidity and at worst a flagrant exhibition of a certain ingenuous disingenuousness in book advertising. It implies that, since the English and American editions appeared simultaneously, they are equally worth owning in the collector's eye, thus solving, offhand, one of the most hotly debated problems in the field of modern first editions. The problem revolves about the ancient three-cornered argument among geography, chronology, and nationality, and most collectors now incline to consider the country of the author's origin as the determining factor in designating his first editions, without regard for the time element save ing highly exceptional instances. And what, anyway, is "simultaneous" publication? It is besecting a moonbeam (but the Dutton statement invites it) to advance the hypothesis that at the instant when the London bookshops flung wide their doors on the morning of October 9th and eager hands were stretched toward the piles of "Two People," every righteous New York bookseller was in the mid-current of virtuous dreams and did not take over from the night watchman until five hours later.

Nevertheless it cannot therefore be asserted that the Dutton implication is utterly wrong. Peradventure if there be one thoroughgoing Milne collector who wants first American as well as first English editions, the intimation that the first American edition of "Two People" is a collectable book thereupon becomes legally and statistically accurate. Of far more trouble-making possibility is the statement that "first editions of all Mr. Milne's previous books are collector's items." Here is a double implication: first, that "Two People" will likewise become a collector's item, and second, that the first edition—even the first American edition—is likely to increase in value, because a collector's item, to too many people, means a book which one buys today for x dollars and sells a year later for x^2.

Two factors combine to make a first edition desirable: its importance, inherent or collateral (as "The Scarlet Letter" in the first instance and "Fanshawe" in the second), and its availability. The latter factor is determined, obviously, by the ratio of existing copies to potential owners. Assuming that Mr. Milne's "Two People"—his "first new novel," his publishers mystifyingly denominate it, completely carried away by this fetish of firstness—becomes another "Vanity Fair" or "Jane Eyre" or "Huckleberry Finn," then it will certainly have fulfilled the first of these conditions. But from the first to the second is an unattainable new world's record in the running broad jump, discus throw, and shot put combined. The Dutton announcement offers no figures, but a letter in *The Publisher's Weekly*, printed as an advertisement, and signed by Ormonde S. Clark of E. P. Dutton's advertising agency, states the "first printing" is understood to be 50,000 copies. If there are five thousand Milne collectors (or five thousand Lamb or Coleridge or Irving or Emerson collectors) in the English-speaking world, then we are already off to a rousing upsurge out of the depression. And if there are not (and there are not), then there is little point, and much fuzzy hokum, in extolling the highly dubious collecting potentialities of "Two People"—potentialities, be it stressed, made dubious by the publishers themselves.

For I know of no book that has become a sought-after collector's item by prepublication exploitation of these potentialities, unless the book was issued in such a hopelessly small limited edition that the lust for its acquisition turned into immediate (and extremely foolish) despair. The books that have become collector's items are in general those which, though not precisely born to blush unseen, nevertheless contrived for a time to possess that distinction, and then burgeoned into the glorious Miltonic life beyond life. They are the books that have gone to the wars, and it is little against them if sometimes they carry honorable scars. They are not the cloistered limiteds of yesteryear (many of which, if you still want them, your bookseller can now let you have for fifty percent below published price). Still less are the books originally issued in large editions wearing a hired collecting regalia which will presumably cause every purchaser to lay his copy away in mothballs and await, for reading purposes, a copy of the second edition.

It is pleasant, in parting, to be able to point out a detail in which the Dutton announcement triumphantly overrides one shortcoming of much publishers' advertising. Of the contents, quality, and merits of the book it has only this to say: " 'Two People' is the love-story of a happy marriage by the author of"—listing four of Mr. Milne's titles. Here is a model of matter-of-fact, de-adjectivized description that deserves standardization. Speed the day.

J. T. W.

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